MISSIONARY STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Second Series, Junior

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

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BY

MARGARET T. APPLEGARTH

AUTHOR OF "MISSIONARY STORIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS: FIRST SERIES: PRIMARY," ETC.

WITH 52 DRAWINGS
AND VERSES

NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

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BY BOARD OF PUBLICATION AND BIBLE SCHOOL WORK

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

In "Junior Missionary Stories" Miss Applegarth has continued the presentation of missionary fundamentals to children which she so ably commenced in the previous series, published under the title "Primary Missionary Stories." The present volume, like the earlier one, was prepared under the authorization of the Committee on Missionary Education of the Mission Boards of the Reformed Church in America, and they are published for that Committee as the first two steps in Graded Missionary Study material for use in the Bible School. "Junior Missionary Stories" are designed for children a little older than those for whom the Primary Stories were prepared, but there is no reason why they should not be readily adapted by the teacher for the youngest children in the school.

FOREWORD TO JUNIOR TEACHERS

In teaching Missions every teacher wants to do more than tell queer customs of quaint peoples, for in each country she knows there is a big need, an emptiness, an eternal seeking for some elusive Something which only one name can satisfy: *The Name of Jesus.* Yet the needs are as varied as the kinds of people—and Jesus to the hungry calls Himself the "Bread of Life"; to the wayfaring man: the "Way"; to the lost sheep: "The Good Shepherd"; to the sick: "The Great Physician"; to those seemingly shut out from the Father's house: "The Door."

There is no side of life which these beautiful names of Jesus do not touch, and for each month of the year it has been possible to find a name appropriate for the season as well as for the country with which it is to be associated.

Those beginning the course in any other month than January are urged to start in with the first of the January lessons: "The Chief Cornerstone," and progress week by week, unmindful of dates, since a sequence of ideas is to be developed, which will be of even greater importance than the superficial unity between month and title. In such cases, Easter, Children's Day and Christmas lessons will have to be rearranged at the teacher's own discretion.

The little stories are written not only to tell facts, but to create an *attitude of mind* towards missionary work around the world, which shall be unconsciously retained long after the details of the stories themselves are forgotten. For this reason the disastrous words "Home" and "Foreign" have been carefully omitted, so that we may raise a new generation with whom God's Kingdom shall be *one* vast enterprise, instead of *two!*

During Junior years comes the period when church hymns are to be memorized,

according to the most approved pedagogical curricula. Hymns appropriate to the names of Jesus are herewith suggested for each month, to be sung preferably after the missionary story, as they will supplement the thought:

JANUARY (*Chief Cornerstone*)—"The Church's One Foundation" or "How Firm a Foundation."

FEBRUARY (*The Door*)—"While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power." (This is a splendid if you make it clear, all the verses are so appropriate, especially last verse).

MARCH (*The Good Shepherd*)—"Saviour Like a Shepherd Lead Us."

APRIL (*The Lily of the Valley*)—"Fairest Lord Jesus."

MAY (*The Way*)—"O Master Let Me Walk with Thee!" or "He Leadeth Me."

JUNE (*Rose of Sharon*)—"Ye Christian Heralds go Proclaim!" (Especially use of words "Rose of Sharon" in second verse).

JULY (*Friend of Little Children*)—"There's a Friend for Little Children"

AUGUST (*The Water of Life*)—"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

SEPTEMBER (*The Great Physician*)—"At Even Ere the Sun Was Set."

OCTOBER (*The Vine*)—"I Have a Friend, Oh Such a Friend."

NOVEMBER (*Light of the World*)—"Lead Kindly Light," or "The Light of the World is Jesus."

DECEMBER (*The Prince of Peace*)—"Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun."

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FIRST STORY

Jesus is: "The Corner Stone"

THE STORY OF A NAME

The Angel said: "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

1. What can you tell me about the Year One, and the wonderful name of a Wonderful Son?

Ans. .....

2. What did the angel to Mary say about the Son to be hers some day?

Ans. .....

3. Why was there never a Christmas Day till after that Son in a manger lay?

Ans. .....

4. What other names can you think of just now at mention of which every knee shall bow?

Ans. .....

FIRST STORY

"THE STORY OF A NAME"

(NOTE: Opening paragraphs adapted from "When the King Came," by Hodges.)

ONCE upon a time there was a Year One. Strangely enough, it was not the beginning of the years, for the world was already very old; nobody knows how old. People had been living on the earth, time out of mind, in mighty nations, fighting great battles and building great cities. But *somehow,* everything seemed to begin over again that year, because that was when the Boy-with-the-wonderful-name was born. When we say that this present year is 1918, we mean that the year one was just that many years ago.

It is always to be remembered about that year One that one of its days was Christmas Day. The truth is that there never had been a Christmas Day until the Year One.

Year after year and year after year the evergreen trees grew out in the woods,—but nobody came to get them. Nobody thought of lighting them up with candles or of loading them down with candies. The holly showed its berries of red and the mistletoe its berries of white, and nobody paid any attention to them. The twenty-fifth day of December came and went, like the twenty-second and the twenty-ninth, and boys and girls were born, and grew up into men and women with never a Christmas *carol,* nor a Christmas *tree,* nor a Christmas *gift,* and without having so much as heard of the singing angels, or of the Holy child: because that was before the Boy-with-the-wonderful-name was born.

Now in the Year One there lived in a quiet little village, hidden among the hills of Syria, a young girl named Mary. We do not know how old she was, but we do know she was very good and gentle, with a fair sweet soul. One day Mary was sitting alone in her room. She

may have been sewing, for she was soon to marry one of her neighbors, Joseph, the village carpenter, and she would need to get ready for the wedding. It was a spring morning, and the flowers were in bloom, birds were singing, and the sun was shining. I wouldn't be at all surprised if as she sat and sewed she thought about the dear stories she had always heard—stories of the past glories of her people, stories telling of an even better time to come when a Boy-with-a-wonderful-name should come to deliver these people. I dare say she whispered to herself the very words she had heard so often: "And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

As she sat and thought, suddenly a gleam of splendor shone around her, like sunlight bursting through gray clouds. Mary turned to see what this new brightness could be, and there beside her stood a beautiful angel, who said to her: "Fear not, Mary, for thou

hast found favor with God." Then while she listened, almost holding her breath at the wonder of it, he told her his errand: That the time had come when God would do what He had long promised to do—He would send this Child-with-the-wonderful-name, and Mary would be His mother. "And thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

Months passed after this angelic visit. The spring deepened into the green of summer; lilies grew in the fields and fruits ripened and were gathered into barns, and the long cold nights came on. And one cold night, while shepherds were watching their flocks near by, the Boy-with-the-wonderful-name was born! As you well know, that was the first Christmas Day, and the beginning of the Year One,—and the world has never been quite the same since!

We all love the story of that Boy, don't we? Of the stable and the manger, of the shepherds' and the angels' song, of the wise men and their gifts, and

we love the stories of the things He did when He grew older: How He healed the sick, and blessed little children, and made everyone happy. I think He lived out his wonderful name, "Jesus," for when Jesus talked to people with thirsty souls, He said: "I am the Water of Life, you need not thirst any more if you love me;" or to hungry souls: "I am the Bread of Life, you need never be hungry again;" or to people who had lost their way: "I am the Way;" to those who felt shut out from God: "I am the Door;" to those who were sick: "I am the Great Physician." *Whatever* people needed most, Jesus could give them and wherever people have learned about Him they have said: "Oh, I love Him! He is just What I need!"

So little by little in all these long years since He lived here among men, people have been telling other people, and the story of His Name has spread slowly all over the world. Some day this verse in the Bible will come true, which I want you to read with me from

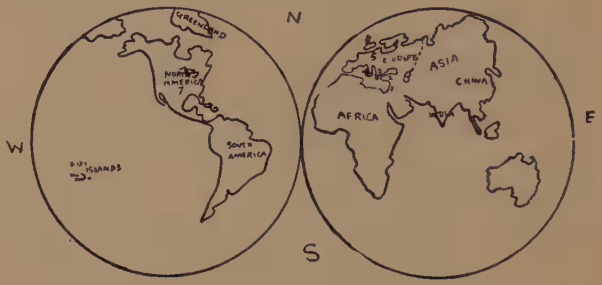
your Take-Home cards: "Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus *every* knee should bow . . . and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."

Every month this year we are going to take up a new name of Jesus, and visit different people all around the world, who seem to need just that very name in their lives. This month we have a splendid name: "The Chief Cornerstone." If you will remember it until next Sunday, I will tell you a story about it.

SECOND STORY

Jesus is: "The Corner Stone"

HOW WE LEARNED ABOUT IT



1. Follow the numbers and write down the places where Christianity left its first traces?

Ans. (1)..... (2)..... (3).....

(4)..... (5)..... (6)..... (7).....

2. What wild kinds of people in England and France, in those early days, began to advance?

Ans. .....

3. Would English and French as savages ceased if Christ's friends had carried the gospel EAST, (as far as India and China, at least)?

Ans. .....

4. Shouldn't we willingly give of our best since the gospel of Jesus was first carried WEST, (and America, England and France were blest)?

Ans. .....

SECOND STORY

"HOW WE LEARNED ABOUT IT"

In the wonderful days when Jesus was here among men, He called His twelve friends together one day to tell them He was soon going back to heaven, and He taught them two words: The first word was *"Go"* and the second word was *"Teach."* This was the way He said it to them: *"Go* ye into all the world and *teach* the gospel to the nations, and I will always be with you."

So they began going to the cities near them, to teach the people about Jesus, but somehow they never got so very far from home because they thought Jesus meant them to tell only people who were Jews, like themselves. But perhaps you remember Jesus had especially said, "Go into *all the world.*" So although by this time He was in heaven, He could see perfectly well what was in

their hearts,—He knew that they simply hated anybody who was not a Jew, they even called them "Dogs." So He had to tell them by dreams and visions that He meant *everybody everywhere* in *every land;* so then one of His friends named Peter and another one named Paul began long travels far away from home spreading the story of Jesus' name. Little churches were built so these new believers could have places to worship in, and they were such different people after they accepted Jesus that they were nicknamed *"Christians"* —*"Jesus Christ's Men."* Nicknames are said unkindly, but they liked theirs so much that even down to to-day it is a nickname millions and millions of people are proud to bear, all over the world.

After these first friends of Jesus had carried the story into Syria and Asia Minor and Greece they became old men, some of them, so old that they died, and some of them were killed for teaching about Jesus. We call these friends

"martyrs," because they were willing to die for Jesus, they cared so much for Him. But there were other people willing to take their places, and keep on spreading the good news. Then it was carried into Italy, and from Italy up into France. We know a good deal about French people since the war, don't we? So it seems queer to remember that once these fine brave men and women of France had great-great-great grandfathers who were the wildest kind of savages you can imagine. They had no cities or towns, no houses, no schools, no churches, no books—they just wandered all over the country killing wild animals and killing their enemies, too. But the missionaries from Italy told these wandering savages about Jesus, they taught them to read and to pray, until they grew milder and kinder and built villages and towns and cities. Then they went over the sea to England, and the people there were even worse savages! That seems funny to you and me, for probably our very own great-

great-great-great-grandfathers lived in England, and went around with big clubs hitting down their enemies and stealing and being the worst kind of heathen! But everybody knows now that it is a fine thing to be an Englishman to-day—there's only one thing finer, and that is to be an American! But neither Frenchmen, nor Dutchmen, nor Englishmen, nor Americans would be civilized to-day, or know how to read and write if those first friends of Jesus had not happened to travel *westward* in their journeys from Palestine to Greece, from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to France, from France to England, and from England to America. How funny it would be for you and me if they had traveled *eastward* instead—from Palestine to Arabia, from Arabia to India, from India to China, from China to Japan! Then the people to whom we now send missionaries would have to send missionaries to *us*, for we might be the most dreadful little heathen ourselves. Not one of you girls would

know how to read a single word, and, of course, you couldn't write, or count or spell, or play on the piano, because in heathen lands fathers and mothers do not care for girls as much as for boys. It would be rather horrid, wouldn't it? I can't picture our town as a heathen town—no churches or Sunday schools, *of course;* no public schools; no libraries; no drug-stores; no hospitals; no orphan asylum; no old ladies' home; no doctors; no nurses; no street cars; no telephones; no second story to our houses—for isn't it queer? only in Christian lands do homes have two floors! And there are no *old maids* in heathen lands, either,—which is a pity, since it really needs old maids to help make cities and towns and schools run smoothly! So aren't you glad *Somebold Told Our Great-Great-Grandfathers?* I am!

But I rather hate to think of all the people who haven't been told yet,—black people in Africa, brown people in India and Arabia, yellow people in

China, white people everywhere. There is something in all their hearts that makes them want to fold their hands and say prayers,—only because they never heard of Jesus, they have made foolish little idols carved out of wood, and stone, to worship! The people in our church are so sorry to have them do such useless worship, that we have always had missionaries of our very own all around the world. I am going to tell you stories about them all this year; and now before I close I have one little American story about a boy called Jimmie.

Jimmie's mother gave him a list of things she wanted him to get at the grocery store. When he got there the grocery man wrapped up the things, Jimmie tucked them under his arm and was walking out of the store, when the groceryman said: "Well, sonny, *by the way*—how about paying me back for all those things?"

You ought to have seen Jimmie jump! "Oh! I com-completely for-for-

got about t-telling you!" he stammered, "You're to charge everything to f-father!"

So the grocery man took his pencil from behind his ear and his notebook from his pocket, saying: "And who is your father?"

Jimmie nearly dropped all the packages: "Why, don't you know my father?" he gasped.

The grocery man said: "No! never heard of him! Who is he, anyhow?"

But Jimmie wasn't over being surprised yet: "Why I supposed everybody knew my father!" he said. "I'm so sorry you don't—you see, mister, I know him—just as *easy!*"

I love that little story, and every time I see boys and girls sitting in Sunday-school the way you are, with plenty of Bibles and hymn books everywhere, I begin making all sorts of little pictures in my mind. I pretend I see little red children, and black children, and brown children, and yellow children walking right into our Sunday-school room, and

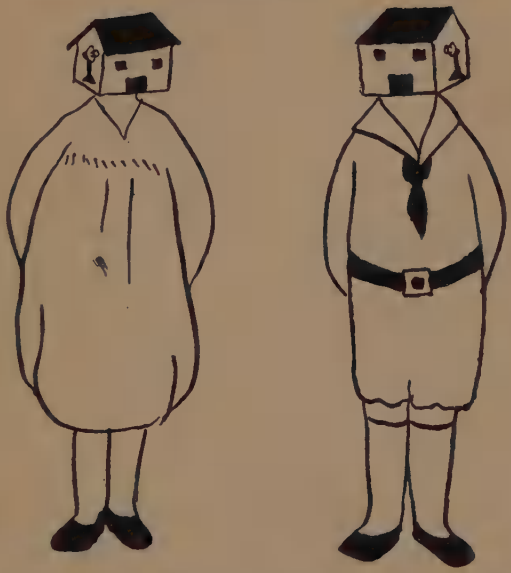
when they hear us singing out of our hymn books, and reading out of our Bibles, and praying "Our Father who art in heaven," then I know I can hear surprised little voices asking, "Why, who is your father in heaven, anyway?" And I always hear you answering: "Why, don't you know our Father? I'm so sorry. I thought everybody knew Him. You see, I know Him—just as *easy!*"

But all the red and black and brown and yellow children sadly shake their heads, and then like Jimmie I hear you stammering: "Oh, I'm so sorry, but I com-completely for-forgot about t-telling you!" And of course it isn't fair for us to walk off happily with all the good things in life tucked under our arms, is it?

THIRD STORY

Jesus is: "The Corner Stone"

THE LITTLE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN



1. The House you live in is your "Head"—Please name the rooms of which I read:

Ans. (1).....(2).....(3).....(4).....

2. Which room is stuffed brimful of things and every new day some new treasure brings?

Ans. .....

3. But since no house can stand alone who is your own firm Cornerstone?

Ans. .....

THIRD STORY

"THE LITTLE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN"

When I look at you to-day I see a regular little city of white houses—big houses and smaller ones that stand on two streets: Boy Street and Girl Street. For although you don't know it, each of you is a little house, yourself!

Of course, the two windows are your *eyes*. All day long the eye-windows of your little house-of-self are open wide, so that you, who are sitting behind them, can see everything that passes by. At night you pull down the shades, and close the blinds, while you sleep. The front door is your mouth, only there is no doorbell nor a key, so you just run in and out all day long. Sometimes you slam it, and sometimes you open it when you ought not to!

Every single child in the whole world is a little house on Boy Street or Girl Street, and the pity of it is that they don't know how to furnish their houses better. It doesn't cost *money,* but it does cost *patience.* Let me tell you about the rooms you have inside you!

There is the *parlor!* Whenever you are talking to anybody or playing with anybody you are using the parlor of your little house-of-self. It is then that you show what your real manners are, don't you?

Then there is the *dining-room* in the little house-of-self you live in. It is where you feed yourself, when you decide what you want to do all day long to fill up the time. Some of us who like only candy and dessert in our really-truly dining-rooms, at home, are a lot that same way in our little houses-of-self: four slices of fun, please; six glasses of good times; one teaspoonful of work; and a tiny pinch of helpfulness! But we don't grow up strong that way; oh dear no!—no muscles, no

snap to us—just roly-poly good-for-nothings!

There is also a *bed-room* in our little houses-of-self, where we dream and dream and dream of the things we are going to be when we grow up! Such fine wonderful men and women as we do plan to be; but do you know? It won't do us much good to dream such nice dreams unless we have a little attic storeroom in our houses-of-self. All sorts of things are to be stored in these memory-attics: things you've learned in school and can't forget; like how to add and subtract; how to spell; poems; songs; stories; geography lessons; Bible verses. I like to pretend that we have telephones in our little houses-of-self, our *ears,* of course, and every time someone tells us something splendid, hurry up and store it away in your memory-attic! Or perhaps your eye-windows have seen something wonderful,—store that away, too! Let's suppose you have one old chest up in your memory-attic labelled,

"Geography Box." Inside of it are all the things you've ever learned anywhere about the *world*—that God made it, that He made it very beautiful, that He made it safe for everybody, that He packed it full of all the things we can possibly need to feed us, or keep us warm or give us homes and clothing. Then we have a Bible verse packed in the geography-box too,—for whenever we remember the world, we say to ourselves: "God so loved the *world,* that He gave His Son." I wonder if you realize how perfectly wonderful it is to have just those few facts about the world stored away in your memory-attic?

There are millions of heathen boys on Boy Street and millions of heathen girls on Girl Street who haven't a single one of those things stored away in their memory-attics. When their window-eyes look out and see God's world they see only things to be afraid of,—trees that have rustling leaves are full of hobgoblins to hurt children; little waves

that dance in the wind, seem like angry demons to the children whose eyes see only fear everywhere,—all because no one ever gave them anything comfortable or true to store away in their memory-attics.

The only reason why you and I have something comfortable and pleasant stored away is because our little houses-of-self are built on Jesus, one of whose names is the *cornerstone*. He is a big firm rock, and stone by stone our mothers and our Sunday-school teachers have helped to build us up and to store away things about Jesus in our memory-attics until here we are, nice comfortable happy little houses, built on a rock! Storms can't hurt us, one bit! Let them blow—we remember the strong cornerstone under us: Jesus Christ.

But those other children, the little heathen houses-of-self, on Boy Street and Girl Street, are like houses built on sand, for fear is a great deal like sand, isn't it? When the big storms

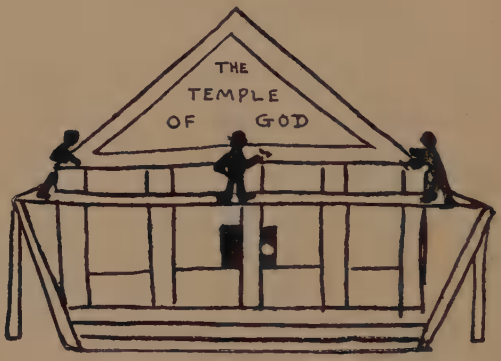
blow the sand drifts and drifts and the little house falls over. It seems to me it is only neighborly for our little houses-of-self which are built so comfortably on Jesus, the cornerstone, to help the other little tumble-down houses-of-self, built on the sands of fear, their only hope in foolish idols.

The Bible tells us this very same thing about the little houses-of-self you live in, only it says it this way: "Ye are God's building . . . and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God . . . now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens . . . and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone . . . in whom the whole building . . . groweth into an holy temple."

FOURTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Corner Stone"

SCAFFOLDING



1. Who are the builders who help you and me to grow up the way that we all ought to be?

Ans. .....

2. Who are the builders in far away lands who mould heathen children with such loving hands?

Ans. .....

3. Mention four countries you think of right now where heathen to idols in worship do bow.

Ans. (1)..... (2)..... (3)..... (4).....

4. Mention three things our church ought to do to help heathen lands, according to you?

Ans. (1)..... (2)..... (3).....

FOURTH STORY

"SCAFFOLDING"

Last Sunday I told you about the Little House-of-Self you each live in, with its Eye-Windows, its Telephone Ears, its Mouth Door, its Company Parlor, its Dream Bedroom, and its Memory Attic. I told you that the Bible calls this Little House-of-Self "A Temple of God"—I wonder if you remember who was the cornerstone on whom each temple rests—firmly and solidly?—Yes! Jesus Christ!

I told you, too, that although all the children in the world lived on either Boy Street or Girl Street with you and me, still some of them are not built on Jesus, the cornerstone, and they have no stories of Jesus stored away in their memory-attics, because no one ever has told them about Him, of course. God

wants each one of us to grow up right, and these other children get started wrong, and so have to keep on wrong all the time.

How many of you have ever seen a house being built? Tell me—what is the *first* thing the builders do? Put on the roof? No, of course not! They begin down on the ground, with a corner-stone, then stone by stone they lay the foundation, even and straight and strong. They have funny blue sheets of paper called blue-prints to go by. By and by after the walls get too high for the builders to reach up to put on more rows of stones, then they build a queer wooden framework all around the house. It has a queer name—scaffolding, although I am sure you know it, don't you? The builders stand on this scaffolding to lay on their stones, until by and by they make a still higher row of scaffolding to reach the very tip-top of the roof.

In building your little house-of-self, your *Temple,* there was scaffolding all

around you, so different kinds of builders could help you grow.

School was one row of scaffolding, where the arithmetic teacher and the spelling teacher and the geography teacher laid on row after row of little solid facts to help you grow straight. Sunday School was another row of scaffolding, a little higher up, where the teacher laid on a hymn there, a Bible verse there, a prayer here, an offering there to help you grow straighter and truer yet. Church was the next highest row of scaffolding, where each sermon the preacher preached helped you to grow a little nearer God.

Just think what fine straight Temples of God we ought to be, with all these busy builders working on us every day! Yet we aren't perfect, are we? Some of us get just as crooked as crooked can be! But on Boy Street and Girl Street there live brown children and yellow children and red children and lots and lots of white children who have no one to help them build their

temples up straight, so they can get nearer God. In fact they don't know they *are* temples of God, or that they need what you and I need, to help them grow.

But the grown-up people in our church have always known about it, and for years and years they have said: "We must help all the boys and girls in our care, all around the world, to grow right." So they have sent over teachers for schools and Sunday Schools, and you would be surprised to know that brown children are exactly as bright as white children when the teachers teach them.

But when I walk along the avenues of our city and see a building going up, with lonely workmen way up in the air, on scaffolding, working patiently away, then I say to myself: "How lonely they look way up there? I wonder if it isn't a bit dangerous? I wonder if they wouldn't rather work down nearer the earth?" And then, of course, I know that unless someone

works in the dangerous lonely places, that building will not grow, and I am glad someone is brave and skilful enough to stay up there in all kinds of weather and finish the building the way the blue-print shows it ought to be finished.

That is just what our missionaries do —yours and mine—in some lonely dangerous place they are not afraid to build up the little houses-of-self on Boy Street and Girl Street the world around. They never think about whether they would rather work in some cleaner, prettier place, with friends all around them, for they know the building will never get done unless they finish it to look exactly the way the Bible tells them. So they travel in queer wagons and in queerer boats, they talk in queer languages to queer people, they eat queer food and sleep in queer houses, but they are so happy to be doing worth-while building that they entirely forget to be lonely or uncomfortable. As long as houses need scaffolding

to help them grow, and as long as boys and girls need schools to help *them* grow, I know there will always be builders to do the work, building temples of God not made with hands, but pure and holy and happy temples, full of sweet voices singing, singing, singing!

FIFTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Door"

1. "When you come into my parlor," asks the Chinese house so queer, "What is on the table to show ancestors are dear?"

Ans. .....

2. And now permit me humbly to miserably inquire why no one moves up near them when urged to sit up higher?

Ans. .....

3. And when you drink your Chinese tea, what happens to the cakes, which everyone in China politely homeward takes?

Ans. .....

4. And why did Chinese grandpa paste a picture on the door? And another in the kitchen? Please write down what they're for.

Ans. .....

FIFTH STORY

"WON'T YOU COME INTO MY PARLOR?"

Once upon a time when Jesus was here among men, He said to His friends: "I am the Door, by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out." Of course, you know what an interesting thing a door is, don't you? When you stand outside you can't help but wonder and wonder what is *inside!* And whether, if you knock anyone will open it! Or if it will be as nice as you hoped when you once get inside.

When Jesus said: "I am the Door," He really meant He was the Door to God. All over the world people have been trying and trying to get near to God, and to them Jesus says: "I am the Door to God, if you believe on Me,

and enter me, you will be with God all the time."

This month I am going to take you on a visit to China, to learn how one by one our yellow Chinese brothers and sisters are learning about the Jesus-Door. We will begin by pretending to walk down a Chinese street with such a funny name: The Street of Ten Thousand Virtues, although the houses on the street do not seem to have any virtues, at all! They all have the strangest roofs, like the one on your cards, with all the corners tipping up! You will be amazed to learn that the Chinese build them that way because they think the air is full of dreadful evil spirits,—whom they cannot see, of course, but of whom they are terribly afraid. They even think the evil spirits are always trying to slip inside their houses to harm them, so they make all the roof corners tip up, so that if an evil spirit should alight on any part of the roof, he will get hit on a sharp point and be bounced high up above the open court-

yard! I can see you find it very hard to believe that grown-up men and women could believe such things, but it's quite true, and inside the house are more queer things.

So let us each pretend to enter the door of our little Chinese house. There is no doorbell, so we must knock loudly and say: "I call! I call!" Then a servant in blue trousers and blue coat shuffles to the door in his straw sandals, he flings it open and tucking each hand up the sleeve of the other arm, he bows very politely and says: "Condescend to enter! I beg you to walk in!" Doesn't it remind you a little of the spider and the fly: "Won't you walk into my parlor?" etc.

I trust we will each be polite enough to bow too, for the Chinese have wonderful manners, and think we Americans are rather impolite. So let us each bow, and shake our own hands by tucking each hand up the sleeve of the other arm and shaking them up and down. Now we are in the room, and two ladies

are hobbling towards us on their tiny feet. The first one is the grandmother who-always-has-her-own-way. She bows and shakes her own hands (we do, too, of course!) as she begs us to be seated in some chairs way up near a table at the end of the room. "Honorable ones, I invite you to sit there."

But if we have any manners at all, we must *not* sit way up there near the table—no! no! Those are the seats of highest honor, and we try to sit as near the door as possible. Then the grandmother-who-has-her-own-way and the meek little mother-who-never-has-her-own-way and the two cute little girls in blue all cry out in a shrill chorus: "No! No! Sit higher! Sit higher!" They actually try to pull us up to the table, but we must scuttle into the seats near the *middle* of the room, neither too high nor too low. I know you must be all agog with curiosity to know why the seats near that particular table are so honorable. This is the reason: On the table are some thin slabs of wood, standing

up on end. They are called "ancestral tablets." Perhaps I ought to tell you first that *ancestors* are a person's grandfather, his great-grandfather, his great-great-grandfather, and so on. The Chinese are always wonderfully kind and polite to old people, so when an ancestor dies they think his spirit enters into just such a little slab of wood as the ones on the carved table, and because they were always very kind and polite to him when he was alive, they keep right on being polite to the slab of wood where his spirit is supposed to live—"the ancestral tablet." Once a day the son of the house kneels before the tablets to light some incense, which ought to make these spirit-ancestors happy! It is because these ancestral tablets are so *very* important, that the place where they stand in the room is the most important place, and it's very bad manners to sit up near them unless you are urged and urged and urged.

The grandmother-who - always - has-her-own-way offers us tea. The cups

have no handles, and there are no saucers. If we want to be polite we must take our cups in *both* hands, and when the grandmother urges us to take home the cakes and other things in our handkerchiefs, we must remember it is quite the proper thing to do in China! Perhaps you wish this part of the trip were not all "pretend," although I am not sure you would enjoy eating dried melon seeds, roasted monkey nuts, pickled onions and eggs floating in syrup!

The doors in the house are interesting, for no two of them are directly across from each other! *Mercy no!* You see, evil spirits are supposed to dart in quick straight lines, and they might rush through several open doors at once if the doors were all opposite each other, then if anybody happened to be standing or sitting and sleeping between opposite doors the evil spirits might dart right into them, and then they would be sick! It seems a pity that grown-up people can be so foolish,

but the Chinese fully believe it, and make their doors—one here, and one there, then if the evil spirit dashes in one door, he goes *bang* against a wall! They feel safer with their doors cut that way; but not *entirely* safe, either, for on the front door is pasted a piece of paper with a horrible man painted on it in gorgeous colors—reds, blues, greens, oranges. Beside him is a little shelf with a bowl of rice on it. The picture is a "door god," to watch over the door and scare away evil spirits; the rice is to keep him in a good humor. There is a paper kitchen god in the kitchen with *his* bowl of rice; and some brass idols on another shelf with *their* bowls of rice.

Imagine being afraid of something you can't see every single moment of the day! I feel sorry for the poor old grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way and the meek little mother—who has never-had-her-own-way yet, don't you? But it is time we ended our call for to-day. The grandmother

says it has made flowers bloom in the garden of her mind and instead of saying "good-by" we tell her we have troubled her too much, that she has spent too much money on us! She bows very politely, and we begin *backing* out the door, while she says: "Walk slowly! Walk slowly!" which we have to do, not being used to walking backward!

SIXTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Door"

CHILDREN IN BLUE AND WHAT THEY DO

1. Here is small Ling Té, and here is "Number Two." Please write and tell me why their names sound rather mean to you?

Ans. .....

2. I wonder if you can recall what hurts their tiny feet so small?

Ans. .....

3. What are some funny things they do to baby boys when they are new?

Name? ..... *Earring?* .....
Shoes? .....*Cap?* .....*Picture?* .....

4. What do you think these children need, a happier nicer life to lead?

Ans. .....

SIXTH STORY

"CHILDREN IN BLUE AND WHAT THEY DO!"

Last Sunday we made a very formal tea-call in the parlor of the grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way, so to-day it will be more fun to play with those two quiet little girls in blue. If we get there early enough in the morning, we will find them just hopping out of bed, although you will be surprised to hear that the bed is built of *bricks!* The night before they wrapped themselves snugly in a quilt and lay right down on the bricks. Being February it is very cold, of course, so a fire is built under the bricks. Maybe their bed is not very soft, but it is very nice and warm!

Grown-up people sometimes call China "The land of the blue gown," because almost everybody wears blue,

so when I tell you about these little children in blue and what they do, the very first thing will be about their jackets. February is such a cold month that when little Ling Te jumps up from her brick bed she shivers and says to her sister: "B'rrrr! It is *five jackets cold* to-day!" You see, there is no furnace in her house with the green tip-up roof so Ling Te piles on as many jackets as she thinks she needs—five jackets today—until she is stuffed out as round as a plump pincushion. Toward noon, when she feels warmer, she will peel off a layer or two, and begin to look positively thin!

You might almost think Ling Te was a boy from her *trousers,* but her grandmother and her mother wear them too. The baby tied on her back shows she is a girl, at once, for Chinese sisters take care of their tiny sisters and brothers that way. It seems a *risky thing to be a Chinese baby!* Not only because it looks rather dangerous to be bounced around all day tied on sister's back,

while she plays exciting games called, "Going to Town" or "Hawk and Dove," but the baby's mother has queer notions about the harm evil spirits may do to her precious baby boy. You remember I told you about the evil spirits last week, how there really are no such things in God's beautiful world, but the Chinese *think* there are. The mother is afraid the spirits will envy her happiness in having a wonderful baby boy, so she pretends he is only a girl and calls him "Suey Sin Fah," a girl's name which means, "Lily Flower." She puts an earring into his ear, too, and pretends to slap him and call him an ugly little spider ("Kom Loi")!

Last Sunday I told you about the slabs of wood called, "Ancestral Tablets," which the son of a house worships every day. It is because only boys can worship these tablets, that Chinese families really don't want to have daughters. Let me tell you about dear little Ling Te!

When she was born, everybody from

the grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way to the stupid old cook, shook their heads dolefully and said: "Oh, what a pity! She's only a girl! No good at all! No good at all!" Her father said: "Call her 'Ling Te'!" which means in English, "Lead-Along-a-Brother." So you can just imagine how disgusted they all were when the second cute baby was a girl, too!

"Oh dear!" wailed the grandmother who wasn't having her own way at all, "the gods have forgotten us!" And the father said: "Never mind about giving the little nuisance a *name,* just call her *'Number two'!"* So that was her name—wouldn't you just hate to be of as little importance as that?

The meek little mother-who-never-had-her-own-way was meeker than ever, because a mother can't even *begin* to have her own way, in China, until she is the mother of *sons.* That is why the grandmother had her own way all the time, because her *sons* were grown-up and very important.

It was a good thing that they really did have a baby boy born in their family soon; you have no idea how happy they all were *inside,* although they did not dare *act* too happy, for fear of those jealous evil spirits who hate to see people happy. In China they say that "eighteen goddess-like daughters are not equal to one son with a limp!" and although this new baby was not nearly as pretty as the little girls, he was a *boy!* Such a fuss as they made over him!

The old grandmother herself hobbled around on her tiny bound feet, and asked a hundred different families to give her one cash apiece to buy an earring for the boy. She made him a little red cap all covered with looking-glasses, because evil spirits get scared and run away when they see themselves in a glass! The mother fastened little fur cats' feet on the baby's slippers so he could walk lightly as a cat, and never stumble! She put a picture of an archer on the wall, who could shoot any

evil spirit bringing disease. And now he spends most of his time being bounced around on Ling Te's back while she plays.

Ling Te can't play as well as she used to, because her grandmother has bound her feet up tightly to make them look small. She turned the toes under, and every day she pulled the bandages tighter and tighter. It hurt terribly, and Ling Te and Number Two cried and screamed just the way little girls all over China have screamed for years and years. The old grandmother screamed when she was a little girl, too. In China they say that "for every pair of bound feet there is a *bed of tears!*" They call them "golden lilies," and think they are very beautiful, although to us they look very deformed and ugly. But they think no girl can get married and have a mother-in-law unless her feet are bound.

These are only a few of the things the children in blue do; I am sure you must be saying to yourselves, "Well, haven't

we a missionary in China? It does seem as if someone ought to visit Ling Te's home and tell her father and her grandmother a thing or two about *girls,* and about *evil spirits.*"

Oh yes, we have a good many missionaries in China; but, you see, China is a perfectly huge country, and thirty missionaries aren't nearly enough to go around among so many different people. Somebody in China will always have to be left out, I'm afraid; although let me whisper to you that I wouldn't be at all surprised if one of our missionaries should happen to visit Ling Te's home next Sunday.

SEVENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I [redacted] the Door"

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY IN A CHINESE CHAIR THAT CAN TRAVEL ALL DAY"

1. What does one call this Chinese chair, carried all day by this curious pair?

Ans. .....

2. What do they do a sick baby to cure to make "Heavenly Blossoms" grow fewer and fewer?

Ans. .....

3. What did the Chinese father say about sending his daughters to school some day?

Ans. .....

4. Tell what the Chinese villagers say whenever our missionary rides away.

Ans. .....

SEVENTH STORY

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY IN A CHINESE CHAIR THAT CAN TRAVEL ALL DAY!"

THERE is a city in China called Amoy, where a great many of our very own missionaries live, so that they can teach in our schools which are there, or doctor people in our hospitals, or preach to people in our churches! They are the busiest people you can imagine, yet one day, one of our missionaries said to herself: "I am going to take two weeks and travel around to as many little villages as I can, to tell about Jesus."

Traveling among these little villages is not at all easy, because there are no railroads and no automobiles. She hired a sedan chair and two coolies to carry it. Then she packed a lot of little Bibles, Sunday-school cards, and

leaflets inside, after which she got in herself, and off the coolies started. All day long, and for several days, the creaking of the chair poles kept time with the patter of the coolies' sandals, as they followed the rough paths over the hills,—past gay pagodas with five stories, past wayside shrines with hideous idols inside, through bamboo groves and little villages.

But at each little village she stopped and made some visits. It would be like playing tag to follow her into *all* the homes, for she was very busy all day long. But I want to tell you about two of these visits, for they were so much like all the others she made, day after day, on her trip.

This is the way she did: "Coolie!" she called, "I want to visit in this next house!" So the coolies set her chair down on the ground, she stepped out, and knocked at the door. "I call! I call!" she said.

The door opened and she was politely ushered into a room where the lady of

the house said: "How honored I am to see you! I pray you to sit higher! Sit higher!" But our missionary had learned good Chinese manners, and would not be so rude as to sit up near the ancestral tablets! She sat quite near the door, and said:

"Has your body peace?" Meaning, was she pretty well?

"No, it is very much not peace!" sighed the poor little lady with bound feet.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" said our missionary, "I hope all the little brothers and sisters have peace?" And she pointed to the spellbound family of little yellow boys and girls in blue, who sat listening to this nice white lady who wore a hat!

"Yes, they all have peace, except 'Little Dog'!" said the mother. "Little Dog," of course, was the precious baby boy who was given this name to make the evil spirits think he was no good at all. " 'Little Dog' has Heavenly Blossoms, alas!" the mother added.

Now that certainly *sounds* very pretty, doesn't it? But it made our missionary want to run right out of the house, only she *didn't,* for missionaries are brave and used to startling things. For "Heavenly Blossoms" was one of the Chinese ways of saying that Little Dog had *small-pox.* Perhaps you know that small-pox is a disease like chicken-pox and measles, only so much worse that one's whole body is covered with little red spots, and it is dangerously easy to *catch* the disease, and very hard to keep from dying when you once get it. So do you wonder our missionary was startled?

But instead of running away, she said: "What medicine are you giving 'Little Dog'?"

"Well!" said his mother unhappily, "We have tried everything. We have tied red rags around his head, because the small-pox goddess likes red, and we have held a red hot coin on each shoulder to let the evil spirits out, but he gets worse every day."

That was our missionary's chance. For although she was not a doctor she knew a few things, and she explained them to the mother: how small-pox was contagious, and she must keep all the other children away; about a simple remedy; then leaving a picture card of Christ blessing little children, she politely backed out of the room, praying in her heart that God would bless this family.

Now it just happened this family lived next door to Ling Te's house, and although our missionary was very tired, she decided to go in there, for she had seen the two cute little girls in blue.

All over again they said the words that always have to be said in Chinese visits. The grandmother-who-always-has-her-own-way said: "Sit higher! Sit higher!" But our missionary sat near the door, of course. Then she inquired for everybody's health—"Did they have peace?" And after she knew all about the family's health, and had admired the baby, who should walk in but the

father himself! You have not seen him yet, or heard about him very much. He was very solemn-looking, with limp black mustaches that drooped down on each side of his mouth. He wore a black cap with a red button on top, and carried a fan.

He bowed to our missionary, and our missionary bowed politely to him.

Then our missionary said: "Honored sir, I notice you have two honorable daughters, who seem unusually bright. Would you not like to send them to our school for girls in Amoy so they can learn to read and write?"

You ought to have seen this solemn-looking gentleman then! *He nearly fell over,* he was so surprised!

"August lady," he said, "you fill the air with useless words! Teach my stupid little girls to read? Why excellency, that is quite impossible—there is nothing in their empty heads—maybe you could teach my cows or my chickens, but never my unworthy daughters!"

Of course, our missionary knew more about girls than *that!* She told him about the girls in our very own school at Amoy, and she must have told it very well indeed, for he was convinced that it would be worth trying; and one day, a week later, you could have seen a procession of three blue sedan chairs and six coolies, two for each chair, with bundles of clothes and bedding and rice tied on top, starting off for Amoy. Inside one chair sat Ling Te, inside another sat "Number Two," inside the third sat their dignified father, who wanted to see the wonderful school for girls, himself.

"Go slowly! Go slowly!" called the grandmother - who-always-has-her own-way. And three voices from the three chairs, answered politely: "Sit slowly! We are going!"

And meanwhile where was our missionary? Oh she was—

"Over the hills and far away in her Chinese chair that can travel all day." She had visited many, many little vil-

lages in that week, she had bowed to many little Chinese mothers, she had given out many little Bibles and told many stories about Jesus, the door to God, she had interested many families in sending their daughters to school. Everybody was glad to see her chair coming, and sorry to see it leaving. In each village they said: "Condescend to make your honorable home in our insignificant town. Let my miserable rooftree shelter you, but do not leave us!"

But she knew she must not stay, that she must be jounced back to Amoy in the old sedan-chair, for she had lots of work to do there, which we will hear about next Sunday.

EIGHTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Door"

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

An idol-shelf in a Chinese house

1. Mention three things learned by Ling Te about "Idols," and "Spirits," and having "Feet" free.

Ans. .....

2. Why does Ling Te's father, on New Year's Day, fire off noisy firecrackers, and all his debts pay?

Ans. .....

3. Why does he burn the paper god, and give them queer gilt money? If it wasn't all so useless, wouldn't it seem funny?

Ans. .....

4. Since "wife" is a word no husband dares speak, how *does* he describe her, showing she's meek?

Ans. .....

EIGHTH STORY

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

LAST Sunday we left our missionary going to Amoy, "Over the hills and far away in her Chinese chair that can travel all day."

Although Amoy is quite a big city, the streets are as narrow as alleys, and her coolies had to keep calling, "Clear the way! Chair coming!" Even then when they turned a corner the long poles went bump! bump! against the walls of the houses, and knocked over a peddler's stall of molasses candy or some barber's outdoor shop where he was cutting people's hair, right in the street! There was some squabbling in Chinese, squabbling that was just as impolite as it sounded, I fear!

But finally our missionary reached the gate of a red brick building,—our very own "Developing Character

School for Girls." It was here that Ling Te and "Number Two" came in their sedan-chairs a long while before, by this time they were quite at home there, and *learning so much!* They found it was going to be quite easy to learn to read, and to add, subtract and multiply! They saw all the other girls doing it every day, and acting just as if it were the most matter-of-fact thing in the world for *girls* to be educated.

Just to show you how they were learning that some of their old ways were wrong, here is "Number Two's" composition on Foot-binding, translated from the Chinese so you can understand it:

"It is very wrong to bind the feet because God made man's feet and hands perfect. God never commanded people to bind the feet. God made man with five toes. When people bind these toes into one ball so they cannot move, it is very wrong. People who know this should quickly unbind, that they may have as before five toes and no less. God

made toes round and it is foolish in the extreme to bind them until they are flat."

"Number Two" had been in our school two years when she wrote that, and I think it shows how much she was learning and thinking. She and Ling Te had had their feet unbound, and when they went back home for New Year's vacation their grandmother-who-always-had-her-own-way nearly fainted to see granddaughters of hers walking around *like boys* on big feet!

Ling Te and "Number Two" very politely explained "the why" and "the how" of what they had done, and they talked a great deal about Jesus, just as they had done on their other vacation home. They said there were no such things as evil spirits really, for God had made the world safe for everybody. The idols were no good, either, they were only useless bits of wood and stone, like *dolls!*

"Tut! Tut!" said the grandmother-who-always-had-her-own-way, "you lit-

tle girls talk like tea-pots! You have filled the pockets of your minds with too much knowledge."

Yet down in her heart she admired these granddaughters who could do so many more things than she could do,—for she did not know how to read or write, dear me, no! And she did not know any pretty songs about Jesus, or any stories about what He did when He was here among men. Yet she was still very much afraid of evil spirits, and every morning offered rice to the idols in the house.

New Year's Day comes in February in China, not on the same day as ours, and it is quite a different kind of day, too! There was the greatest stir getting ready for it: Ling Te and "Number Two" helped fix up the whole house, and they each had new jackets and new trousers and new flowers for their hair. Their father hurried around to pay all his debts, for if he should forget to pay everything he owed, then the man to whom he owed money might come and

steal away his *front door!* I hope you have not forgotten the paper door god on that front door, or how every New Year's Day there must be a new god on the door. Otherwise everybody in China thinks the prowling evil spirits, who are livelier than ever at New Year's time, would sneak in and spoil everyone's happiness during all the coming year.

Ling Te and "Number Two" kept saying over and over again, very politely: "Honorable parents, there really are no evil spirits!" But their father took down the old paper door god, and ceremoniously burned it in a basin just the same old way he had done for years and years. He threw some gilt paper money in the fire to please the evil spirits so they would tell only good tales about his family up in the spirit world!

On New Year's morning there was the greatest racket in the world—three Fourths of July could not possibly equal it! For the air was fairly alive with the din of firecrackers and the

glare of rockets. Because you cannot guess what all this noise is for, I shall have to tell you it is to scare away the evil spirits from people's front doors!

The gentlemen went a-calling, too, that day, leaving great red visiting cards at their friends' houses, and wishing each other "HSIU HSI,"—which means, "New Happiness," in English. Families saved the cards for a long time, to show how many callers they had had. But the men went *alone*,—for in China, husbands hardly ever go out on the street with their wives. If they do, he walks ahead, and she meekly walks behind! That is the way men speak of their wives: "My Walk Behind," or "The Person who occupies my inner apartment"—it would not be at all proper to say *"my wife"!*

The grandmother - who-always-had-her-own-way had one caller on New Year's Day, another of our missionaries; they wished each other "HSIU HSI," "New Happiness," and then our missionary told what that new happi-

ness would be if only the family would all follow Jesus that year.

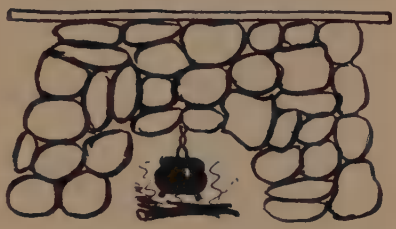
I can't tell you all the ins and the outs of this story, but in one more year the whole family really were following Jesus; and when the father threw away all the useless old idols, which they would never worship again, this is how he prayed to the one God, whom they had come to worship: "Our Father which art in heaven, these silly idols are like rusty keys with which we tried to unlock the door to safety. But now we know that Jesus is the Door to God, help us all to enter in, and tell others that they can trust thee."

Even the grandmother-who-always-had-her-own-way had had a change of heart, for she prayed: "Lord, help me not to have my own way all the time now!" So I really think this story shows how wonderfully our missionaries in China are helping families to love Jesus, don't you?

NINTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Good Shepherd"

BLACK SHEEP



1. Please name the ships a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea, the one ship carrying Freedom, the other Slavery?

Ans. (1)..... (2).....

2. Please tell the kind of cabin poor Booker's mother had, and how the little colored boy uncomfortably was clad?

Ans. .....

3. Who was it set the slaves all free? A name well-known to you and me?

Ans. .....

NINTH STORY

"BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP!"

ONCE when Jesus was here among men, He said to His friends: "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep and am known of mine. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep." And I dare say every one of the people who heard Him, said to himself or herself: "That means me," "that means my family!" But Jesus could always see just what was in people's minds, so He also said: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Don't you just *love* this new name for Jesus? I love it because it really brings in every single person in the world—black sheep as well as white sheep! This month I want to tell you

about some black sheep, who are slowly coming to know about Jesus as their good shepherd. I suppose each of you has seen negroes, haven't you? For it is about the negroes in our country I am going to tell you to-day.

First of all, I would like to have you answer these questions: Who knows the name of the little boat that crossed the Atlantic Ocean and landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620? Yes, the *Mayflower!* And what day do we keep every November in honor of the day they landed? Yes, Thanksgiving Day. But do you know why it was that the Pilgrims especially gave thanks to God? Let me tell you: it was because they were so glad to be in a free land where they could worship God and live exactly as they wanted to live!

Day by day as the *Mayflower* was rocking its long weary way over the ocean, another ship called the *Treasurer* was also rocking and rolling *its* long weary way over the very same ocean. It was a very tiresome trip to

everybody in both ships, only there was such a big difference in the passengers. For the Pilgrims in the *Mayflower wanted* to come, so they could have freedom to worship God. While the poor black passengers in the *Treasurer* were forced to come, most unwillingly, because they were black men being brought over from Africa as slaves, with no possible hope of freedom. Everybody is proud of the people who came in the *Mayflower,* but none of us like to remember about the twenty poor slaves in the *Treasurer,* so many years ago.

They landed in a place called Jamestown, where some cruel white men *bought* them to work on their big cotton and tobacco farms called plantations. More and more ships kept bringing over black slaves until finally there were a million of them. They were very unhappy, because some of their masters treated them very badly, whipping them when they did not work hard enough or when anything

went wrong. But a very wonderful American whom we all know about signed a very important paper which set all these poor slaves free,—I think perhaps you already know that this famous man's name was Abraham Lincoln, and the important paper was called the Proclamation of Emancipation.

Here is the true story of a little slave boy named Booker, who had no last name because he did not know who his father was. He lived in a log cabin with his mother, who was also a slave, of course. She cooked the meals for everybody on the plantation. Their log cabin was very dirty and unattractive, —no glass in the windows, no floor but the earth itself, even the door would not shut tight, so the cold air and the rain could make it very unpleasant and damp inside.

Booker's mother had no stove, but did all her cooking at the open fireplace. She was so busy all day long that no one in her family sat down to meals,

but ate a piece of bread now, or a scrap of meat then, a glass of milk here, and some sweet potatoes there, at any time of day or night!

When Booker was old enough he used to go at meal-times to the "big house" where the white family lived, to fan away the flies from the table with some large paper fans worked by a pulley. Can't you just imagine how big his eyes were while he watched this fine family eating and talking?

Poor Booker's clothes were just as uncomfortable as his home and the queer meals he had. For his first shoes were wooden ones, with rough leather on the top. The soles never could bend when he walked, of course, because they were wooden, and oh! how they squeaked! But even worse than the shoes, were his *flax shirts,* made out of rough flax. Years later when he grew up he wrote a book about himself, and said those dreadful shirts felt like *prickly chestnut burrs* against his body at first! After a week or so the sharp

pin points would get broken-in a little, but at first they were simply agony to him!

Then came the wonderful day when Abraham Lincoln signed the important paper making every one of these black people free. Of course, that included Booker and his mother. Next Sunday I will tell you about what he did.

TENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Good Shepherd"

"THE BOY WHO SWEPT THE CORNERS CLEAN"

1. How did Booker arrange so he had a "hat" and a "name" like each other lad?

Ans. .....

2. Tell how he walked for five hundred miles and slept on his journey in curious styles?

Ans. .....

3. Tell how he would have been sent home in gloom unless he had swept all the dust from a room?

Ans. .....

4. I wonder if you can write down the name of *his* school, which later so famous became?

Ans. .....

TENTH STORY

"THE BOY WHO SWEPT THE CORNERS CLEAN"

Last Sunday in telling you about how we came to have poor negro slaves in America, I also told you how Abraham Lincoln signed a paper freeing them all, among whom were a little boy named Booker and his mother.

Although they were free, they were terribly poor, so when Booker's mother took him and his brother and sister to another town, where there were big salt furnaces, little Booker had to go to work in these furnaces. It was hard disagreeable work for such a small boy, especially as he often had to begin at four o'clock in the morning, long before the sun was up!

All this time there was just one thing Booker wanted more than anything else in the whole world. I wonder if you

could ever guess! You might think it was *money,* since he was so poor! Or *nice clothes,* since he had such shabby prickly ones! Or *plenty to eat,* since he never had enough! But it was none of these things he wanted *most*—but oh! how he *did* want to learn to *read.*

He did not know any of the negro people near him who could read even a word, but so many of them wanted to, that finally a small school was opened, and he thought, *of course,* he could go. But no! poor Booker's family decided he ought to keep right on working in the salt furnaces! But did that stop him?

No indeed! For he took lessons at night. I should think he would have been ever so sleepy, but do you know? He actually learned more at night than the other children learned during the day. So finally his family decided that if Booker would work in the furnaces from four o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock in the morning, then he could go to school.

I must tell you two *rather* funny things that happened to Booker, although they really are only *rather* funny, because they show how poor he was. For when he went to school with the other children he noticed they all wore hats or caps, and he had never had a hat or a cap in all his life! He went home and told his mother he really must have a hat; but she had no money to buy a "store hat," so what do you suppose she did? She took two pieces of goods and sewed them together. This made a very curious-looking cap; but years later when he grew up and could buy any kind of a hat he needed, he was proud to remember his first hat which his mother had sewed for him out of two pieces of cloth.

Then when he got to school he found all the boys had two names, sometimes even *three* names, which the teacher read off when he called the roll. But Booker had no other name but *Booker,* as I told you before. So all the time the teacher was calling off the other

names he was wondering what in the world he should say when it came his turn. But when the teacher finally said, "Booker, what is your full name?" he had a bright idea, and answered, "Booker Washington, sir!" just exactly as if he had always had two names like other boys! And do you know? There is hardly a grown-up person anywhere in the United States today who does not know the name Booker Washington!

You see, he was the kind of boy who had made up his mind to be someone worth while, so in spite of being poor and wearing queer clothes and having no name, he decided he just must have an *education.* So one day he said, "goodbye" to his family, and started off for a school called Hampton Institute, which is almost on the very spot where the first twenty slaves landed years and years ago.

Booker Washington had to walk *five hundred* miles to get to that school, he had to earn money all along the way to

buy his meals, he had to sleep in the queerest places! Once he slept for several nights right under a board sidewalk in a city called Richmond. He could hear people walking over him all night long, people who never dreamed there was a hungry tired little negro boy sleeping under their feet.

Finally he could get to the school, but he was so tired and dusty and shabby that the teacher hardly liked to take such an unattractive boy into the school! You can imagine how terribly he felt! To have spent weeks and weeks walking so many miles, working his way, and dreaming beautiful dreams of school days — then to be turned away. But the teacher saw how heart-broken he looked, so she gave him *one chance.*

"The recitation room needs sweeping," she said, "take this broom and sweep it."

Well! He swept that room *once!* And he swept that room *twice!* Then he swept it the *third* time! It never had been so clean before! Then he got

a duster, and he dusted it *four* times, until there wasn't a single speck of dust in even the tiniest corner. Then he called in the teacher. But she couldn't find anything wrong there, of course, and that is the way Booker Washington entered Hampton Institute.

He had a great many things besides reading and writing and arithmetic to learn! He had to learn what a bath tub was for! What a tooth brush was for! Even what sheets on a bed were for! The first night he slept *under* both the sheets; the second night *on top* of both of them, then he learned to sleep *between* them!

He worked his way all through that school; then years later he had a wonderful school of his very own for negroes, called Tuskegee. Everyone in America is proud of the boy who swept the corners clean!

ELEVENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Good Shepherd"

THE SMOKE OF A THOUSAND VILLAGES

1. Here is the village with houses so queer. What's the name of the big one where Headmen appear?

Ans. .....

2. What do they do when a baby is born? And what round its neck do they think should be worn?

Ans. .....

3. Name some of the things for which there's a charm to keep each scared person from coming to harm?

Ans. .....

4. What were the rest of the words that he spoke when the missionary said, "thousand villages' smoke?"

Ans. .....

ELEVENTH STORY

"THE SMOKE OF A THOUSAND VILLAGES"

To-day I am going to take you over to Africa, where two Sundays ago I told you about a ship called the *Treasurer* was starting for America, with the first twenty poor negro slaves on board. Then you can see how greatly the Good Shepherd needs our help in bringing His black sheep into His fold!

An African village is called a "Kraal," it is built of the queerest little round mud huts, with thatched roofs, that you ever saw. There is a dusty road down the middle of the Kraal, with the round huts in rows on each side of it, then at the end of the village is a bigger hut called the Palaver-house where the men of the village sit in the shade of the palm trees all day long, lazily watching their busy wives out in

the fields ploughing and planting in the hot sun, while the smoke of the village fires curls up above the roof tops.

Around the entire village is built a stockade, which is a great big fence to keep out wild animals, or men from other villages who might come to steal cows or sheep.

In one of these dark low smoky huts a new baby has just been born, and a crowd of delighted grandmothers, aunts and cousins are crowded inside to see it. While outside on the dusty road the father and all the village people are beating drums and making all the noise they can to drive away any evil spirits that may have come to harm the precious new baby.

You would be surprised to see the way the people dress. Perhaps you already know that it is very hot in Africa, so hot that people really do not need to wear clothes at all. The children don't wear anything, and the grown-people wear only skins of wild animals and dried grass or a piece of cloth tied

around their waists. They make up for having few clothes by wearing great heavy brass necklaces and huge iron bracelets, and by tattooing their faces and arms in all sorts of queer patterns, even putting a color in the cuts to make them look more beautiful, as they say! They wear something else you will not be able to understand: one man wears the claw of a chicken tied around his neck by a string; the baby's grandmother has a lion's tooth tied around her arm; a little boy has a few feathers tied around his waist—in fact, almost everybody has something like that on him. For just as the Chinese people are afraid of evil spirits, so these negroes in Africa are afraid of the evil spirits who live in everything, they think: in the trees, the air, the grass. The chicken claws, feathers and the lion's tooth are charms to please the evil spirits. There are charms for all sorts of other things too—for loving, hating, buying, selling, fishing, hunting, traveling.

Everybody calls the baby *"Ndindo"* right away, a word which really means *"Dirt"!* Perhaps they say it the way we sometimes say to our babies: "You naughty little rascal!" Of course, when he gets older he will have a better name, for a baby is very precious in Africa, and after he is washed in cold water and dusted over with a queer red powder, they tie a bundle of dried grass around his neck to scare away the evil spirits.

The baby's father, whose name is *"Njaku,"* (which means elephant) is a very brave hunter of elephants. Because he was a heathen he did not feel the way you and I feel about stealing or killing people, for one day as he sat in the Palaver-house he heard his baby crying. He smiled at the other men, and said: "My son will be a man of courage, he will not fear to kill his enemies and bring home their skulls. Listen, how strong his voice is!"

Of course, you and I know that there are no such things as evil spirits, we know that charms are perfect foolish-

ness, and that killing people is very wrong, but the people in Africa have not heard that yet because there are not enough missionaries there to get to all these people.

Once one of the missionaries went home to England, and told about an African kraal, the wickedness, the fears of the people, the charms they wear, and he ended with these words: "I have sometimes seen in the morning sun *the smoke of a thousand villages* where no missionary has ever been!"

One young man in the audience could just see those thousand villages, he could see the smoke curling up over the thatched roofs, and he said: "I am going to let God use me in Africa to bring the black sheep into His fold! I am going to be the man to go to those thousand villages."

So away he sailed; and on the steamer the passengers said: "Mr. Livingstone, have you never heard how savage the negroes are? We are afraid they will kill you! They will surely rob you, and

they don't know what love is, so how can they understand your story about the Good Shepherd?"

"I will go and do what I can!" said young Mr. Livingstone, which was a very brave answer, as I am sure you think. Next Sunday I will tell you just how brave he was!

TWELFTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Good Shepherd"

"A TRUE LION STORY"

1. What did Livingstone have to learn first in order to find what the negroes need worst?

Ans. .....

2. Please tell of the lion who savagely sprang before Mr. Livingstone's gun could go "Bang!"

Ans. .....

3. Write down other ways in which he was brave as he tried negro people for Jesus to save?

Ans. .....

4. While he got well from his poor broken limb, tell me who brought lots of comfort to him?

Ans. .....

TWELFTH STORY

"A TRUE LION STORY"

Last Sunday I told you about a fine young missionary named David Livingstone, who was sailing to Africa, because another missionary had told him how often he could see the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been. Perhaps you remember how the passengers on the boat tried to scare him by telling how fierce and savage the Africans were, how they thought nothing of killing a man and stealing all his goods. But God had given David Livingstone a brave heart, so he landed in Africa, and began traveling nearer and nearer those thousand villages.

It was no fun to travel in Africa, for there were no railroad trains, no horses and carriages, and, of course, no automobiles. A great deal of the way there was not even a *road,* just a thin little

trail through the jungle where the grass was worn down by other feet. Giant trees locked their branches overhead, wild animals sneaked stealthily through the tall grass—grass that was higher than Mr. Livingstone's head, grass where great poisonous snakes crawled silently! Although it was very dangerous, and something entirely new to him, Mr. Livingstone followed his guides, two wild-looking black men who wore no clothes and carried sharp spears, until finally they reached the very village about which I told you last Sunday.

Out walked the fierce-looking Headman of the village from the Palaver-house. He glared at Mr. Livingstone and growled as he looked him all over, then Mr. Livingstone explained by signs that he had come to live in this village! The Headman scowled some more, rather fiercely, but finally I suppose he thought better of it, for he called over two of his wives and said: "Build this white man a house!"

And if you'll believe it, *in half an*

hour the house was actually built! One of those queer-looking round affairs, with four bamboo poles to start with, mud sides which soon dried out in the hot sun, and a thatched roof made of palm leaves. Into this Mr. Livingstone carried his bundles and got ready to tell this first village about the Good Shepherd.

But he did not know a word of the language, and there was no book telling him about it either, because none of the negroes could read or write, so this is what Mr. Livingstone had to do: he would hold up a chicken and say "chicken" in English, then the villagers would say *their* word for chicken, and he would write it down, spelling it the way it sounded. Then he would try to find out another new word and another, until after a long time he had learned enough words to talk to them a little. Everyone was interested in the curious things he had, for, of course, they had never seen a mirror before, or scissors, or a razor, or soap, or pins and needles, or

clothes like his, and often they would steal into his hut and steal his things. Can't you just imagine how lonely he was—no one to whom he could talk in English, only black faces to look at day after day after day? He had to keep house and do his own cooking, too, and mend his own clothes—things that took entirely too much time from his real true work of telling the people in the village about Christ. He translated the Bible into their language, and night after night he went to the Palaver-house, and by the light of a dim lantern he read to the men of the village about Jesus—about the lost sheep—about the Good Shepherd, who looked and looked until he found it, then brought it home rejoicing.

The men in the village looked at each other by the dim light of the lantern, and said: "The Brother-from-over-the-sea speaks true words." So little by little, one by one, they were beginning to believe his story of Jesus, but he wished there could be some white wo-

man to talk in the same way to the women and children.

Then one day something dreadful happened. For some weeks lions had been prowling all around their village, sometimes killing as many as nine sheep in one day. Of course, nobody was safe, and all the people in the village were scared. So the brave hunters went out with spears to kill the lions, and Mr. Livingstone went with them, taking his gun. But instead of Mr. Livingstone killing a lion, a lion almost killed him, for it sprang out at him from behind a bush where it had been hiding. It caught him by the shoulder, shaking him until the bones in his arm were all crunched and broken, and the flesh terribly torn!

He was so sick, and the villagers were so unable to take proper care of him, that he had to be taken two hundred miles away to Mr. Moffat's home to get well there. But while he was there he fell in love with Mr. Moffat's daughter and married her. So when he came

back to his old village with his wife, he built her a real house, and they planted a pretty garden, and at last there was someone to go into those other huts and tell the women and children stories of Jesus.

THIRTEENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Good Shepherd"

"A GIANT QUESTION MARK AND A GIANT EAR"

1. Why is the map colored so black, telling exactly what Africans lack?

Ans. .....

2. In order to cure a person who's sick, tell of the witch-doctor's horrible trick?

Ans. .....

3. What were the things that a father would take in exchange for his daughter, her marriage to make?

Ans. .....

4. What is the question the map seems to ask which gives missionaries their gigantic task?

Ans. .....

THIRTEENTH STORY

"A GIANT QUESTION MARK AND A GIANT EAR"

LAST Sunday I told you how a lion almost killed Mr. Livingstone by chewing up his arm, and how, while his arm was getting well, he met the lady whom he finally married, and brought back to his own village.

If I talked all to-day, and all to-morrow and all the next day, and the day after that, and right on until next Sunday, I really don't believe even then I could finish telling you the wonderful things Mr. Livingstone was able to do for Africa during the years he lived there! The thousand villages which he had hoped to be able to visit, he did visit, telling the people about Jesus, and leaving many a little new church behind him. Sometimes he saw white men tak-

ing black men for slaves, and he worked hard to put a stop to it.

You have a map of Africa on your take-home cards to-day. I want you to notice three things about the map: (1). That it is black. (2). Can't you see that the shape of the map looks like a great big question mark? And (3). Can't you also see how the shape of Africa is very much like a giant ear—listening—listening—waiting—waiting—for the answer to its giant question mark?

The reason our maps are colored black is to remind us that the people in Africa have black skins, and that their beliefs are just as black as their skins! You already know from what I told you last Sunday about how these black people believe in evil spirits and wear queer little bundles called charms around their necks, but now let me tell you what happened when the baby Ndindo about whom I have told you became quite ill. The anxious parents sent for the Witch-doctor, a wild-look-

ing man whose face was entirely covered with tattooing and paint; all sorts of bundles and charms were hanging around his neck, and he had a rattle which he kept shaking all the time.

Poor little Ndindo began crying the minute this ugly noisy man came dancing into their hut, waving his arms and foaming at the mouth. He gave the baby no medicine, but he danced round it faster and faster! The neighbors came and stood around watching him dance faster and faster. Suddenly he stopped before a young woman. "*You did it!*" he screamed, pointing his finger at her, "you bewitched this baby!"

"No! No!" cried the young woman, but what she said really didn't matter at all, because everybody there thought that sickness came from being bewitched by evil spirits, and the only way to cure a sick person was to punish the one who did the bewitching. It was the Witch-doctor's job to find the guilty person, and to prove whether she was guilty or not he gave her some sass-

wood poison! If she died after taking it, then she was guilty, but if she lived in spite of the poison then she was innocent. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone knew this way of doing things was all dreadful nonense—and oh! how hard they did work and talk to stop the cruel poisoning!

Another thing that the Livingstones hated to see was a father selling his daughter to the man she was to marry. The father would take so many goats and brass rods and glass beads in exchange for his little girl, maybe even a *cow* if she were really very pretty! That is because the Africans think women are not any better than animals, and a father thought no more of selling his daughter than of selling his goat or his chickens. They have a proverb in Africa which says: "A wife is worth six ploughs," and Mrs. Livingstone spent many a day telling them the Christian way—that God who made everybody, cares just exactly as much for women as for men.

So little by little, one by one, these black people began to become Christians. Hard as it was they gave up wearing their queer charms, and trusted God to take care of them. Every time you see a map of Africa I want you to remember how much it looks like a giant question mark, and the question in every one of their black minds was: "How can I be safe from evil spirits?" The only answer the Witch-doctors had was: "Try wearing this new charm around your neck—it will protect you!" But the missionaries had a better answer for the great listening ear of Africa: "*God is love. Trust Him.*"

Another reason why your maps of Africa are black is to remind you that when Mr. Livingstone went there to live no one knew anything about the geography of the country. No white man had ever dared to explore it, because traveling in Africa was so dangerous. But David Livingstone was just as great an explorer as he was a missionary, he really was both things *at once!*

He traveled over 29,000 miles discovering tremendous lakes, rivers and water falls which no white man had ever seen before. He took two black men with him, and once after he had been in Africa for many years he was spending the night in a lonely hut far away in the interior of Africa.

In the morning these two black men came into his hut to wake him, when they saw him kneeling by his bed, so they tiptoed out, knowing he was praying to the great God. But an hour later when they came back again, he was still kneeling there, and they found that while he had been praying, he had died. Once these black men would have stolen Mr. Livingstone's treasures and rushed away in fear, afraid of evil spirits. But they were Christians now, and I thought you would like to know that these friends of Mr. Livingstone's tenderly wrapped his body round and round with the soft inside bark of some trees, and carried it day after day after day on their shoulders *5,000* miles to the sea-

coast, so that the body could be sent back to England where everyone was so proud of this brave white man.

I love this story! I love to remember how David Livingstone could take fear out of the hearts of those black Africans and put the love of God there instead, and I like best of all to know that all over Africa there are missionaries doing the very same thing this minute!

FOURTEENTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Lily of the Valley"

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL

1. What were the things Jack and Jill never had—plain every-day things to a town lass and lad?
Ans. .....
2. What famous man once lived that way too? Lacking all comforts—please tell me who?
Ans. .....
3. In sunbonnet, patched dress, her shoes in her hand where did Jill walk, feeling quite grand?
Ans. .....
4. What were the things Jill learned how to do things that to Jill seemed wonderfully new?
Ans. .....

FOURTEENTH STORY

"JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL"

A GREAT many years before Jesus lived here among men, a very wise man told how some day Jesus was coming and said, that He would be like the "Lily of the Valley." Perhaps he did not mean just exactly the kind of lily you and I call by that name, for he lived far across the sea in a land called Syria, but lilies are lilies wherever they grow, and I love to think that Jesus really is like our own beautiful lily of the valley. This is the time of the year when we can see them starting to grow in our back yards, making their shady corner very sweet and pure and beautiful. For that is what Jesus does when He lives in men and women, or in boys and girls, He makes even the *corners* of their lives pure and sweet and beautiful. At

Easter time we especially like to remember these things, so this month I have a story for you about some lonely valleys hidden in a big corner of America where our missionaries are making the Lily of the Valley grow.

I wonder how you would like to have a mountain sitting in your back yard? And another big mountain sitting in your front yard? And more mountains scattered all around the other sides of your houses?

"But how could I have any neighbors?" you ask, "and where would the streets be?"

Well, you *couldn't* have neighbors and there *wouldn't* be streets, for everybody's else house would have mountains sitting around in their front and back yards, too; so if you wanted to get to them you would have to climb up the hills and down the hills.

This is going to be a story about a boy called Jack and his sister called Jill who live here in America, in the State of Kentucky, with mountains every-

where around them. They lived in a log cabin, the very same kind of a house that Abraham Lincoln lived in when he was a small boy. A cabin where the logs were so far apart that the wind and the rain could blow right through, where the mother did all the cooking in an open fireplace which smoked, and *smoked,* and SMOKED, in the most dismal, distressing way. There really wasn't a single nice thing about the log cabin where Jack and Jill lived—there weren't beds enough, nor chairs enough, nor dishes enough, nor shoes enough to go around in the family; there were no books anywhere, for nobody could read a single word; there was no wall-paper on the wall, and no pictures, there was not even any *plaster* on the walls. As for pianos, sewing machines, and electric lights they were simply unheard of in those mountains. They used tallow candles which their mother made, and on winter evenings she often spun yarn on a spinning wheel exactly the way Abraham Lincoln's mother did. There

was no running water in the log cabin, so this Jack and Jill often had to go up the hill to fetch a pail of water, exactly like the Jack and Jill in the nursery rhyme who fell down and broke their crowns! Our Jack and Jill had to chop up wood for the fireplace,—you have a picture of them lugging it home up the hill. The other boy is their younger brother.

When people can't read, and have no near neighbors, and have nothing attractive in their homes they are really very unhappy. The children can't be the bright sparkly kind that are merry and chipper all day long. Somehow, fetching pails of water, chopping wood, working in the stony vegetable gardens, washing clothes in the mountain streams, making butter, curing hams and milking cows, having all work and no play, made Jack a dull boy! As for Jill, I don't mind telling you that she really seemed awfully slow and stupid and heavy. She turned out all right, by and by, but she hardly ever smiled

the way girls do—just because they can't help it, they're so brimful of smiles! Nobody smiled much in the mountains. The mothers were always tired, and the fathers were, too. They looked as if their sagging shoulders were saying: "Oh, what's the use?"

But we have a school of our very own up there in the Kentucky mountains where Jill went to school for one year. She had to walk about twenty miles to get up, in her bare feet, too, for she carried her precious shoes in her hand to save them. She wore a sunbonnet and a patched dress. Even after she got to the nice school she never smiled. She just seemed stupid,—she really seemed to forget more than she learned, poor dear, at least so her teachers thought. The girls did everything there was to do in the building, cooking, dish-washing, bed-making, cleaning—things Jill never knew people took real pains to do neatly. "Any old way" seemed to suit Jill. She never said, "please" or "thank you," because nobody in her

home ever did any of those nice neat lovely things that make a home a home.

But Jill did the best she could, and down in her heart something was beginning to grow that did not show very plainly yet—just a little seed of love and happiness. I think it must have been the Lily of the Valley in the lonely corner of her heart, don't you? Anyway, when the year of school was over, she trudged the long twenty miles home, up hill and down hill, and she said to her mother: "I'm powerful set on going back to school next year, mammy, I allows I kin earn money pickin' berries and sellin' 'em at the crossroads."

"Course yer kin!" said her mother. So we'll leave her today, picking berries!

FIFTEENTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Lily of the Valley"

WHEN PATCHES ARE BEAUTIFUL

1. What did Jill do some money to earn so she could go to our school and learn?

Ans. .....

2. What did the teacher say to poor Jill when next she walked schoolwards far over the hills?

Ans. .....

3. In the Bible Jill read Someone Else found no room. Who was it Who scattered her dull dreary gloom?

Ans. .....

4. What wonderful thing did Jill do with her money that made all her life seem cheerful and sunny?

Ans. .....

FIFTEENTH STORY

"WHEN PATCHES ARE BEAUTIFUL"

Last Sunday we left Jill picking berries to earn enough money to go back to school the following year. But money is very hard to earn in the mountains, and pennies have the slowest kind of a way of piling up into dollars. So that when it was time for school to begin again, way over the hills, Jill felt she had not saved nearly enough money. She worked and worked and worked for three weeks more; then her mother helped by selling a very beautiful patch-work quilt she had made years before. So that gave Jill twelve dollars, and that morning she rolled her few clothes into a little bundle, put on her old sunbonnet, and carried her precious shoes to save them.

"Good-bye, mammy!" she said, "I'm

powerful 'bliged to you for helpin' me this way."

Twenty miles is a long way up hill and down hill, up hill and down hill, especially in bare feet over stony roads. Jill had to stay over night with a family half way on her trip. But early the next morning she was off again. By and by she came in sight of the precious school!

She sat down on a stone beside the road and put on her shoes, she shook the dust from her patched calico dress and straightened her sunbonnet. Something very happy began to sing in her heart: "I'm most there now! Oh how nice school is!"

But in the window of the school stood two of the teachers. One of them said: "Oh dear! Oh dear! Isn't that poor little Jill coming up the road?"

The other teacher looked: "Oh, I do hope it isn't—but yes! yes! It certainly is! Oh poor little Jill! What shall we do? There isn't an inch of room left anywhere in the whole school by this

time. What made her so late? I supposed she wasn't coming."

Then the other teacher said: "I never even supposed she *cared* enough to come back. She always seemed so stupid and slow. I dare say the poor little thing has forgotten the little bit she learned last year!"

By this time the smiling Jill was inside the school, shaking their hands in her awkward country way.

"I done come back!" she exclaimed smiling. "I didn't git here at first, 'cause I stays to earn some money, see? Laws, but I works hard all summer—but here it is, twelve dollars. Mammy sold her patch-work quilt so I could have the money. Here, you take it, 'taint nearly enough to pay for all the fine learnin' you gimme."

Then one of our teachers cried, while the other explained to Jill that there wasn't any room left. They hadn't dreamed she even wanted to come back, so by this time every single tiniest bit of room had been taken.

Poor Jill! I just love her for trying to smile once more, don't you? Although, of course, we know that all the nice happiness in her heart was now as heavy as a stone. They begged her to stay to dinner before she started the long walk home.

"I ain't a bit hungry," she said slowly, "so I'll just walk along. Goodbye. I know it ain't your fault the rooms is all jamfull. I jest couldn't git here sooner."

So away she walked. One teacher cried, but the other one felt all hot inside and her eyes flashed. "How I wish I could put your two big heartaches in the middle of some great rich church!" she said; and I wish she could have done it, don't you? For surely no one who had money could bear to think of poor little disappointed Jill trudging all those weary miles back home, without wanting to help her.

I don't mind whispering to you that when she got out of sight of the school, she threw herself down on the ground,

and cried as if her heart would break, —just as you or I would have done!

The next day when she got back to her lonely log cabin home, her mother said: "Why Jill, what brung you back?"

"Oh mammy," she said, "they couldn't take me, the school was plum full."

Her mother saw how red her eyes were, and how tired she looked. "Well, all I've got to say is—it were a long tromp for nothin'. 'Pears like they might have waited for you."

"No, 'tain't their fault, mammy, I never said nothin' 'bout comin' back."

That night by the firelight Jill read her little Bible, and a tiny bit of happiness stole back into her heart. For she read that there hadn't always been room for Jesus, either, when He was here among men.

"I reckon Jesus knows jest how I feel," she whispered to herself as she fell asleep.

The next morning when she looked at

the twelve precious dollars, she had a wonderful idea.

"Mammy," she said, "I'm powerful set on usin' this patch-work and berry money to give school to somebody someways. 'Twon't be nothin' but patches of learnin' I kin give 'em, but I can't keep this here money for myself."

"I reckon you kin do as you like with it," her mother said.

So Jill decided to start a little school of her own for the boys and girls from the other log cabins. Perhaps you will think it a queer school when I tell you about it next Sunday, but I think her little *patches* of *learning* were really beautiful!

SIXTEENTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Lily of the Valley"

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

1. What did Jack do in the school-house for **Jill** to make things to sit on, and keep out the chill?

Ans. .....

2. Why did Jill say she *must* have a flag, even if she made it from many a rag?

Ans. .....

3. When our very own teacher taught Jill's school one day, what did Jill's pupils actually say?

Ans. .....

SIXTEENTH STORY

"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT"

Do you remember last Sunday how dear stupid Jill decided to start a school of her very own near her home, after she found there was no room for her in our school way over the hill?

Of course, when I said, "dear stupid Jill," I meant that was the way she really *seemed* on the outside, to the teachers who taught her. But you will see in a minute that she had lots of good ideas tucked away up her calico sleeves!

She really could hardly have had the school if it had not been for Jack. The little old log cabin she was going to use for a school was almost falling to pieces, and Jack built it up for her. He filled in the chinks with earth where the logs were sprung apart. He made a new

door. He nailed up the sides. The chimney was all caved in, so he piled up stone on stone, very neatly, both inside and outside. He chopped wood for the fire, he made the benches from logs, and a table for the "Teacher," too! The day before the school was to begin Jack and Jill went up the hill to see this "House that Jack Built."

"I reckon it looks fine, Jack," Jill said.

Then she did something that Jack called "plum crazy!" She went outside and picked a branch off a maple tree, with lovely red leaves all over it. She had an old broken jar under her arm, and she put the branch in the jar and set it on the table Jack built.

"Now what's that fer?" Jack asked. "You must be plum crazy!"

Jill smiled. "I learned that over to the big school. Teacher said God made the trees beautiful fer us to love. I reckon I never thought 'bout trees before. But over there they had things like this settin' around everywhere to

remind us how careful God made everything."

Jack looked at the leaves and grinned. "Looks awful silly to me to bring trees into the house, but if they does it over to the big school, you bet we'll do it here!"

Then Jill said: "Oh Jack, I completely forgot, we ain't got no flag!"

"What's a flag?" asked Jack. "I never heard tell of one before."

Which just shows you how far off everything these mountain Americans are! Jill explained that over at the big school there was a red, white and blue flag which everybody saluted once a day to show they loved their country. "I can't have no school, if there ain't no flag," she cried.

"Then let's make one," said Jack, "I reckon if you seen one onct, you kin make one easy—like."

So Jack and Jill ran down the hill to find some pieces of red, white and blue. Such queer little pieces of colored calico as they put together! Red and white

stripes, to be sure, with a big blue square in the corner, but oh! such funny stars! Only three of them, and none the same size, and one of them had seven points! But it didn't really matter a bit, of course, for after they had fastened it on a long twig, Jill taught Jack to put out his arm and say, "I pledge allegiance," just exactly as you and I say it.

The next day, scared shy little girls and awkward bashful boys came walking into the House that Jack built, and sat on the benches he had made. Jill did what she could to teach them what she remembered about A B C's, and how to count and how to read. She taught them how to salute the flag, how to love the flowers they had never thought of even looking at before. She told them God made flowers specially for people to love. She always ended the day by telling them a story about what Jesus did when He was here among men.

Twelve dollars never lasts forever,

and one day Jill wrote a letter to one of her teachers at our Mission School way over the hills, telling about the tiny school she had started. She said she could only give little patches of learning, because she didn't know very much herself, but if the teacher could only spare her some books and some Bibles she could do better. There were only two Bibles in all that neighborhood.

The teacher in our school sent her a box full of splendid things, and several weeks later the teacher herself came over the hills on horseback to pay Jill a visit. The day was very warm and pleasant, so Jill had all her school outdoors. The little House that Jack built was almost too crowded for her school, it had grown so large. When our missionary came up, Jill was almost too happy for words. But finally she said: "Oh teacher, now my poor scholars will have somebody to tell them things right. I could only give them little patches of learnin'."

So our missionary began talking, and

several women from nearby log cabins came over to listen, and a few men from the corn fields came over, too. As they listened the nicest thing happened. Somebody spoke up:

"Oh yes! that's just what Jill told us, Miss."

Then by and by somebody else said: "Why I reckon that's just what Jill has kept tellin' us over and over."

So after our missionary had seen the scholars salute the dear little home-made calico flag as they left for their homes over the hills, our missionary went into the House that Jack built and put her arm around Jill. She promised her that another year there would be a a place saved for her in our school, for down in her heart she knew that instead of being stupid and dull, Jill had really been more wide-awake than anyone dreamed, during her one year at school.

SEVENTEENTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Lily of the Valley"

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER

1. In our very own school what were aids to make any boy a Jack-of-all-trades?

Ans. .....

2. When Jack's mother fell ill where was she taken? Don't you hate to think how her stretcher was shaken?

Ans. .....

3. What were the giants that Jack always found in the rooms of our Hospital, stalking around?

Ans. .....

SEVENTEENTH STORY

"JACK THE GIANT-KILLER"

When Jill went back to our Mission School in the Kentucky Mountains she did not go alone, for this time it was *Jack* and Jill who went up the hills together, and down the hills together until they came to Annville where our School is.

Jill had a place all waiting for her in the girls' dormitory, and if I talked until to-morrow I couldn't begin to tell you how she loved every minute in school. The girls were busy from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, cleaning, studying. But to-day I thought maybe you would be more interested to know about *Jack*. Since by this time we ought to feel pretty certain that Jill will turn out all right!

One fine thing about our school at Annville is that it teaches boys how to *do* things—*real* things, I mean! There

were acres and acres of fields to be ploughed, vegetables to be cared for, cows to be milked, furniture to be made, horses to be shoëed—in fact, so many things to be learned that Jack felt he wanted to be a "Jack-of-all-trades," he simply couldn't choose what he wanted to do most when he grew up.

One day his favorite teacher asked him about it, and Jack grinned as he answered: "I reckon I can't tell yet. When I first come, I thought I jest wanted to build things. Then when I seen what fine crops you-all raises, I says *that's* what I'll do, I'll be a farmer —but laws! I kept a changin' and a changin', until now I jest wants to do somethin' big and hard what needs to be done turrible bad by somebody, only nobody does it—see?"

I like that in Jack! When boys don't think much, they want to do what "all the other fellows do," but here was Jack wanting to do what no body else was willing to do, provided it was *hard.* Only he couldn't decide *what,* yet!

When vacation-time came Jack and Jill went up the hills and down the hills once more, on their long walk back to the little log cabin. When they got home they found their frail little mother very sick in bed. She was in terrible pain, she said something ached her all up and down inside. It had been like that for weeks now.

Jack said: "I reckon I'll jest go down the road a piece and borrer a horse, so as I kin ride over the hills to fetch a nurse."

Perhaps you did not know that you and I have a nurse up there in the Kentucky mountains, in fact, we have a doctor and a hospital, too, although Jack did not know about that, then.

When our nurse got to the log cabin she found the mother very sick indeed, so sick that nothing but an operation in the hospital could ever help her. It seemed almost impossible to get her to the hospital, so many miles away, since she could not stand being jarred in a wagon. So Jack's father said it simply

couldn't be done, but Jack said: "We'll make a stretcher and carry her, she's nothin' but a handful now. Ain't we both got muscles—say, just look at mine?"

So they made a stretcher and carried her mile after mile over the hills to our Hospital. Jack and Jill were used to neat white iron beds at school, of course, but their mother knew very little about such things and she sank into the hospital bed with a sigh of relief. Jack never forgot the days there. He watched everything. He saw the giant Pain walking around that Hospital, making the people cry out with the terrible hurt of it. Then he saw our doctor go up, and quietly kill pain; he saw aches and diseases leave sick bodies because our Doctor gave them the right kind of pills to swallow, or because he knew just where to operate.

Jack said to himself: "This beats farmin' or carpenterin' all holler! If they can make a doctor out of a stupid rough feller like me, then I wants to be

a *doctor*. There ain't nearly enough doctors in these parts, so I reckon I could be right useful."

I like to think of him as "Jack, the Giant-Killer," don't you? Wanting always to do something hard, something that would take years and years of study. "I ain't scart of studyin'!" Jack said, throwing back his shoulders, "I'm plum set on bein' worth while, I am!"

Years and years later when Jack and Jill are grown up, can't you just imagine that there are going to be lovely corners through all those lonely valleys, where in this little log cabin, and in that little log cabin, people are going to be happier and healthier? And although other people will call it "the spread of Christianity," I think that whenever you and I hear about it, we will remember that Jesus is the "Lily of the Valley," and that the new sweetness, the new purity, the new whiteness are all due to Him.

EIGHTEENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Way"

"THE PEOPLE FROM OVER THE OCEAN"

What does the word *Immigrant* mean? And have you ever an Immigrant seen?

Ans. .....

2. Please tell me how there happen to be Immigrants coming from over the sea?

Ans. .....

3. Name four of the lands from which Immigrants come to live in some very disreputable slum?

Ans. .....

4. Who will be waiting down at the dock to welthis ignorant scared-looking flock?

Ans. .....

EIGHTEENTH STORY

"THE PEOPLE FAR OVER THE OCEAN"

ONE day when Jesus was here among men He said to His friends—"I am the Way,—no man cometh unto my Father except by me." I almost think I like this name of Jesus more than any of the other names we have had so far, for if you have ever been lost you know the first thing you say is: "How can I get to such and such a place?" or "which way do I go to get to such and such a building?"

Now it's really a very queer thing, but nearly everybody in the world wants something. Some people just want to be *happy,* and they spend all their time trying to find happiness. To them Jesus says: "I am the Way—follow me," for every single person who has followed Jesus *has* been happy! Other people

want to be great and popular and have everyone like them. Jesus says to them: "Follow me—I am the Way." They can't believe at first that following Jesus is the way to be great or popular.

They are very much like a man of whom I once heard who wanted to walk to Smithville. While he was walking there he came to a place where the roads divided into two parts—one road was smooth and shady and led through a pretty valley, the other road was rough and sunny and climbed up over a steep hill! And the signpost held out its wooden arms like this [Illustrate with arms]: "To Smithville, 6 miles"—along that steep sunny rough road, while the smooth shady pretty road led to some other place. He stood there and glared at the signpost a minute, then he climbed the post, and changed around signs so that "To Smithville, 6 miles" pointed along the smooth pretty shady road!! Then with a beaming face he began walking and walking and walking along his shady smooth pretty road,

but——! *He never got to Smithville!* How could he? When there was only one *way;* for although he had muddled the signs he had not really changed the roads a bit!

It is the same way with Jesus and this new wonderful name of His: "I am the Way." Sometimes people get the signs all twisted and they say: "If only people had nicer prettier homes, they would be good!" or "If they only had had more education, then they would be very good!" or "If they only had money, it would help them to be good," but to every person in all the world Jesus is whispering: "I am the only Way."

This month I want to tell you how a great many different kinds of people, from a great many different lands, speaking a great many different kinds of languages, are trying to find happiness and success here in America, only they don't know the Way, most of them. Some of the people lived in Russia once, some in Italy, some in Turkey, some in

Greece, some in Ireland, some in Germany, some in Sweden, some in China and some in Japan. From all over the big round world these people have come to America, for once in all their lives this one sentence was spoken in their families: "Come, let us pack up and go to live in America. It is a fine big land, we can be rich and happy there, the children can go to good schools." So all over the world all kinds of poor families packed up their most precious belongings into queer big bundles. They kissed their neighbors good-bye, and off they started for America in a big ship.

We call these people who come to America from all over the world "Immigrants," which really means *"The people who have come over."* Of course, they were too poor to travel in the nicest part of the big ship, so they had to stay all cooped up down in the front part of the boat: It was stuffy and unpleasant down there; when the great winds came blowing over the ocean, making great rough waves dash over the

ship so that it rocked and rolled, then all these poor people down in the front part of the boat felt sick and miserable. Little children said to their mothers: "Oh dear! I wish we were back home!"

And I suppose each mother gathered her children into her lap, the nice way mothers have all over the world, as she said: "Oh, but think how happy and rich we will be in America—so don't cry! We'll be there in a week."

But a week is seven days long, of course, and seven days in a big rolling rocking boat can seem like *seven years!* But finally, one glorious day everybody rushed out on deck, crying: "There is America!" Oh such shouting! And yelling! And excitement! Only they don't say it in a language we can understand —the Russian families get excited in Russian, and the Greek families shout in Greek, and the Italian families talk in Italian, and the Japanese families in Japanese! Doesn't it make you wonder how they are ever going to get along in America if they all talk such queer

different languages, and don't know English?

You will be glad to know that there will be missionaries at the dock when the big ship gets to land—at Ellis Island, if the people have come over the Atlantic Ocean; at Angel Island, if they have come over the Pacific Ocean. Each missionary can speak several different languages, so that the Russian, the Italian, the Greek and the Japanese families are met by a sweet smiling lady, her pocket full of candy and toys for the scared little children, and lots of good advice and comfort for the fathers and mothers, too!

You see, the missionaries know that Jesus is "the Way," so they try to start these poor families from all the far away countries walking in the right paths to happiness and success and goodness.

NINETEENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Way"

THE HOUSE WITH TOO MANY PEOPLE

1. The name of this house begins with a T—. If you know the rest, please write it for me.

Ans. .....

2. How many rooms does one family rent in such a dirty old tenement?

Ans. .....

3. What do the mothers do all day long? And how do the fathers begin to do wrong?

Ans. .....

4. What is THE WAY to make families like these as contented and happy as you please?

Ans. .....

NINETEENTH STORY

"THE HOUSE WITH TOO MANY PEOPLE"

LAST Sunday I told you about a great many families from all over the world who decided to come here to America, so they could make more money than they could possibly make in their homes in Russia, or Italy, or Austria, or Japan. For years and years thousands upon thousands of these families have kept coming and coming—sometimes several million a year! Think of it! Think how busy it must keep our missionaries at the dock.

I suppose you wonder how all these people ever find room enough in America to live, for most of them seem to like to stay right in New York City, where they certainly are *terribly crowded!* They live in the ugliest, dirtiest, darkest old buildings you ever saw, and often a

whole family of mother and father, with five or six children, will have only two small rooms in one of these ugly tenements. Sometimes they even crowd into ONE room, where they eat and sleep and live, with no front porch, no little yard of their own,—*no anything!* They don't like it a bit better than you or I would, but they are too poor to buy more rooms, and I am afraid they are not nearly as happy in America as they thought they would be before they left their old homes far across the ocean in Russia, or Italy, or Austria, or Japan.

They find it is so very hard to talk English, that the Russian families have a way of renting rooms in tenement buildings where other Russian families live; and Italian families like to be where other Italian families are; Chinese families flock together, too, so that right in New York City there is a real *"Little Russia,"* and a *"Little Italy"* and a *"China-town."*

Because everybody is crowded into dirty buildings, no one is very happy,

and rather dreadful things keep happening there: They steal, and they kill, and they drink, fathers beat little children, and oh dear! it keeps our police very busy trying to catch the thieves and the murderers and the drunkards! You can't imagine how many dark corners there are to hide in, down where these ugly tenements are.

But it really doesn't do a thief or a murderer or a drunkard much good to be locked up in prison with other wicked men. For each tells the other dreadful stories about what *he* once did, and they get so mad at being locked up that when they once get out of prison, they begin all over again stealing what doesn't belong to them, getting drunk and beating their children. It's very easy to see that prison is not *the way* to make them better.

I wonder if you remember Who it was who said: "I am the Way!" Yes, it was Jesus, and you would be surprised how when people begin to follow Jesus, they stop being any trouble to

the police, and they never have to be put in prison, either.

The trouble is we don't begin to have enough missionaries to visit in these ugly crowded tenement buildings to tell the people about Jesus. There are so many *many* MANY buildings, just *jam-full* of people who need a missionary, but the good Christian people in our churches have a queer way of forgetting all about those buildings crowded with families who do not know anything about Jesus. By this time you know that unless the church people give enough money, there can't be missionaries, can there?

Let me tell you what a certain nice Mrs. Missionary did in one day. You have a picture of the ugly dark old tenement building where she went to visit. There are five floors, and she decided to begin visiting on the very top floor. Poor dear, she has to walk all the way up, for there is no elevator. *Puff! Puff!* My, how five flights of steps do take one's breath! But then, as she

whispers to herself, if a person *lived* there, the steps would have to be climbed several times every single day, and she only has to climb them *once!*

Knock! Knock!

The woman who lives in the back room on the fifth floor knows our missionary. She has learned to keep her room neat, she even has a geranium plant growing in the window, and two white curtains. There is a Bible on the table, and she and the missionary have a very pleasant call.

But in the front rooms on that floor lives a father who is dreadful to his family, and the baby is sick, the rooms are so dirty and cluttered up our missionary almost hates to go in. She does what she can to clean up, she promises to send a doctor to look at the baby, then she starts to visit the rooms on the fourth floor.

Knock! Knock!

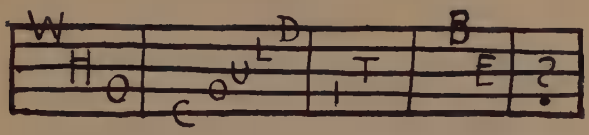
"Aprite la porta!" calls an Italian voice,—the words mean, "open the door!"

So Mrs. Missionary opens the door and walks into a very crowded room, oh *so* crowded! There are two beds, a table loaded down with dirty dishes, a few chairs without backs, and beside the window sits a woman sewing on buttons as fast as she can. She has a perfectly enormous pile of men's coats beside her on the floor, and she is earning a little money by sewing buttons on all the coats in one day. That is why she has only time to look up and smile as she asks Mrs. Missionary to sit down, —in Italian, of course.

So down sits our missionary, and finds two shy little girls are hiding between the beds. She shows them how they can help mother wash the dirty dishes on the table. She made it seem like a game, you know—how they did giggle and laugh when all the Miss Spoons and the Mrs. Forks and the Mr. Knives had their faces washed and dried! The busy mother laughed, too, and promised to send Michelina and Theresa to Sunday-school. So Mrs. Mis-

sionary left smiles and a neater room behind her as she said, "Addios" to them, and hurried away to visit the other family crowded into the ugly building. Don't you love to think that day in, and day out, kind helpful missionaries are going into these gloomy places and showing people *the Way* to happiness and goodness? I do!

TWENTIETH STORY



1. What is the name of the land where the Jews are never free to do as they choose?

Ans. .....

2. In winter and summer I wonder who knows how poor Mrs. Yuchovitch washed all her clothes?

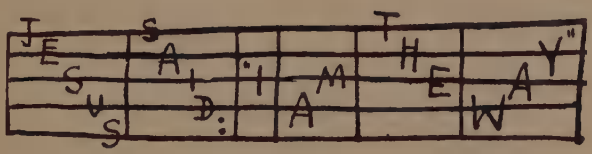
Ans. .....

3. After they crossed the sea and came here what caused Mrs. Yuchovitch many a tear?

Ans. .....

4. Tell how Rachel's dear little song actually stopped all that was wrong.

Ans. .....



TWENTIETH STORY

"WHO COULD IT BE?"

Last Sunday I told you about the ugly tenement buildings where the families who come here from over the sea, live. To-day I thought you would enjoy this true story of a tiny little Russian Jewish girl, named Rachel. Once Rachel and all her family had lived in Russia. That was when she was three years old; but they were all very unhappy there, because no one in Russia is kind to the Jews, and they were very poor. So poor that Rachel's mother carried her washing down to the river, even in winter, when she had to crack the ice to get at the water. Yes, indeed, she tucked up her skirt, and washed the clothes in the icy water! Nobody in the family got enough to eat, or had enough to wear, so one day Mr. Israel Yuchovitch, Rachel's father, said: "We will

pack up and go to America. It is the Promised Land. We will find happiness and money there."

So they rolled their few quilts and candlesticks into a bundle, and off they sailed for far away America. When they got to New York, Mr. Yuchovitch rented a small room way way up in a dark tenement building. Every day Mr. Yuchovitch and his two sons went to work in a big factory where men's coats and trousers were made, and every day Rebecca and Sarah went to school, while Rachel and the mother stayed in the horrid little room. Somehow they could not even *begin* to be happy, for although Rachel's father and the boys made a good deal more money than they could in Russia, still he went into a saloon at the corner and spent most of it right away, getting drunk, so that Mrs. Yuchovitch used to cry and feel very lonesome in this strange new city, and none of the children got enough to eat.

Then one day a Miss Missionary called, who could talk Russian, and she

said to Mrs. Yuchovitch: "You would not feel so lonely in New York if you could only talk English like the rest of us do—Rebecca and Sarah are learning English in school, let me come and teach you once a week!"

Mrs. Yuchovitch said "All right" in a manner that plainly meant "I don't-much - care - what - I - do - I'm - so - unhappy!" But it wasn't very long before she was quite interested; and the day she actually read aloud her first sentence, "God is love!" she really smiled,—and she hadn't smiled for months!

Miss Missionary fell in love with Rachel, who was about four years old, a chubby dimpled girl with jet black hair and shiny black eyes: the pet of the family, the one person in all the world to whom her father was always kind. So when Miss Missionary invited Mrs. Yuchovitch to come to a chapel service once a week with other Jewish women to learn hymns and Bible verses, Rachel tagged along all dimples and

smiles. She learned the hymns very easily. One of them went like this:

"Somebody came and lifted me
Out of my sin and misery;
Somebody came—oh *who* could it be?
Who could it be, but Jesus?

I do wish you could have heard little Rachel sing it—her dear little voice very sweet and clear, her pretty head thrown back!

One of the hard things Mrs. Yuchovitch had to do was to get her husband to leave the saloon to come home. So one night she actually sent Rachel right into the dreadful place to find her father. But Rachel really did not know about its being a saloon, at all, she only knew she saw her father drinking something out of a glass, so she ran over, and climbed up on his lap, just the way she did at home!

"I has a boo'ful new song to sing," she whispered, happily, "listen fader" —and then she sang:

"Somebody came and lifted me
Out of my sin and misery;
Somebody came—oh *who* could it be?
Who could it be, but Jesus?"

But for once her father did not pet her, he pushed her off his lap: "Rachel Yuchovitch," he thundered, "never let me hear you say the name Jesus again. You are a *Jew!*"

For I think you surely remember that even when Jesus was here among men, the Jews did not believe in Him, and to this very day most of them will not accept Him as God's son.

But little Rachel quite forgot what her father told her, for the next night she climbed up on his knee and sang the very same song again! Although her father scowled and frowned, he really loved to hear her sweet little voice chirping away so happily, and he pretended it didn't matter what she sang. So of course the next night she sang it to him all over again: "Who could it be? Oh *who* could it be? Who could

it be, but Jesus?" And she kept it up so long, that by and by Mr. Yuchovitch hummed the tune as he ran his machine in the factory and while he walked home in the evening.

A Mr. Missionary happened to hear him humming it on the street one day, so he invited him to come to the chapel service that evening.

"I'm not a Christian," growled Mr. Yuchovitch savagely.

"Come anyway!" said the Mr. Missionary.

And somehow Mr. Yuchovitch went. Rachel was there with her mother. You should have heard her sing that night. Mr. Missionary gave a fine talk about Jesus—*the Way* to God, to happiness, to Heaven. Mr. Yuchovitch began feeling something very comfortable in his heart. This strange new America did not seem so strange as he sang the new song Miss Missionary taught them: "I've found a Friend, oh such a Friend," which most of you know by heart, I think.

But he never said a word to anybody about the way he felt. He stopped going to the corner saloon, though; and he hummed to himself all day as he worked his machine in the factory. He saved his money, and one day the whole family moved into a *house,* with a little yard in back and an upstairs and a downstairs! Mrs. Yuchovitch had a little dinner-bell to ring just like the American neighbors she was trying so hard to copy. And when they sat down to dinner Mr. Yuchovitch, and all the other Yuchovitches, big and little, bowed their heads and closed their eyes while he said the prayer Mr. Missionary had said Christian families should say. Because, you see, Rachel's little song had shown Mr. Yuchovitch *the Way!*

TWENTY-FIRST STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Way"

A CHERRY BLOSSOM THAT BLOOMED IN NEW YORK

1. Tell about the paper prayer—what was it thrown at, also where?

Ans. .....

2. Tell me:—What is a "Picture Bride?" And why Cherry Blossom cried and cried?

Ans. .....

3. What were the presents the groom brought the bride? Two things she wore with the greatest of pride?

Ans. .....

4. When in New York she got lonely and sad, what was the greatest joy that she had?

Ans. .....

TWENTY-FIRST STORY

"A CHERRY BLOSSOM THAT BLOOMED IN NEW YORK"

LAST Sunday I told you about a little Jewish girl named Rachel and how Jesus became the way to happiness in her family; to-day I want to tell you a story about a Japanese family, only the story *begins* way over in Japan, where a very pretty young girl named "Cherry Blossom" lived. She had the blackest hair and the quaintest face you ever saw, with eyes that slanted up at the corners, the way Japanese eyes do! She wore a lavender kimono with a green sash, and when she walked on the street she carried a paper parasol painted all over with gay flowers. She was so polite that she bowed very low whenever she met anyone she knew. Altogether she was a perfectly charming picture!

But you know how it is—you can look ever and ever so lovely *outside,* and not

be at all happy *inside,* which is just the way it was with Cherry Blossom. For her mother and father were dead, and the uncle with whom she was living thought it would be a fine idea for her to come over to live in America. In fact he had already sent her photograph over to America, hoping some young Japanese man would choose her for his wife. But Cherry Blossom was afraid to leave Japan, so this is what she did: She went to a temple where there was a big stone idol, and she *bought a prayer* written on a piece of paper, which asked the stone idol to honorably please to give happiness and prosperity to the humble worshipper! She put the piece of paper in her mouth, and *chewed it all up* into a little wet ball. Then, kneeling, she bowed her head way over until her forehead touched the ground, then she sat back on her heels and threw the wet ball at the idol!

She thought (and almost everybody in Japan thinks) that if the paper prayer stuck to the idol, then the prayer would

surely be answered; but if it did not stick, then the idol was not pleased to answer the prayer. Well, you can just imagine how delighted Cherry Blossom was to see that her little paper wad was caught right in the idol's big stone hand! Of course, she expected to have her prayer for happiness answered!

But day after day went by, and her uncle grumbled because she ate too much rice, and her aunt looked for a letter from America! Finally the dreaded letter came, and Cherry Blossom learned that a Japanese man in America liked her picture so much that he wanted her to come over to America and marry him. Her uncle marched her right down to the courthouse, and registered her name on the house register of the far away groom; and her aunt taught her to do up her hair as a Japanese married woman should; and a few days later she was sailing away to America in a big boat to this entirely unknown husband.

Cherry Blossom was what we call a

"picture bride," because her husband chose her from her *picture,* without seeing her. She had a picture of him, too, and you can imagine how often she looked at it on the way over, while the ship was rolling and tossing in the ocean. Was she going to please him, or not? Would she be happy in far away America?

Finally she reached America and landed on an island called Angel Island, to wait for her unknown husband to call for her.

When he came, he brought her two of the funniest presents you can imagine for a bride—a pair of shoes, and a hat! You see, he knew prefectly well that Japanese girls in Japan never wear either shoes or hats, and, of course, he didn't want to be ashamed of her in this land where girls do wear shoes and hats! She giggled a good deal, for it was dreadfully hard to walk on the queer, queer heels, and the hat kept blowing off because he had quite forgotten to bring any hat pins!

Then they were married, and everywhere he lived, she lived too, of course. So when he came to New York City to work all day in an office, she was tucked away in the one room they lived in there, the lonesomest little lady in all New York. He had taught her a few English words, like, "thank you" and "if you please,"—you might know they would be polite words like these, because the Japanese are so very polite! But you can't go far in New York with those few words, anyhow the wagons and automobiles and street cars frightened her a great deal.

Fortunately you and I, and our mothers and fathers, and the other people in our church, have missionaries of our very own to call on these lonely Japanese people, and our missionary found *Mrs.* Cherry Blossom dismally twirling her lonely little thumbs in a dingy old tenement house. It wasn't long before she and her husband went to *our* Japanese house in New York where serices are held, and there they learned

that Jesus is the Way to God and to happiness. Cherry Blossom remembered her silly paper prayer to the useless stone idol, and was so glad she knew better now. But her husband said: "I have been in your honorable country nine years, and this is the first time I have heard of God!" Which just shows there aren't nearly enough missionaries for all the people who need to hear about God, doesn't it?

The nicest part of my story is that a year later Cherry Blossom and her husband went back to Japan to live, and when the Japanese people asked what was the finest thing in all America. Cherry Blossom would say: "The churches." People in Japan knew so little about churches, of course, that it was a fine chance to tell how happy they were now that they knew Jesus was *The Way* to happiness and to God. So what our missionary did in New York went all around the world, you see!

TWENTY-SECOND STORY

Jesus is: "The Rose of Sharon"

SOME JAPANESE FLOWERS THAT CAN TALK

1. Write down all you possibly can about the queer houses in pretty Japan?

Ans. .....

2. Tell me how the Japanese sit.—Do you think you could ever like it?

Ans. .....

3. What kind of idols stood on the shelf which each little sister worshipped herself?

Ans. .....

4. What do the mothers teach daughters to do, when they ought to learn reading from our point of view?

TWENTY-SECOND STORY

"SOME JAPANESE FLOWERS THAT CAN TALK"

I WONDER if there is any particular flower that you always expect to see when June is here? A flower that everybody loves and calls the most beautiful of all the flowers in the world? Yes—a *rose!*

One day, long—oh *very* long—before Jesus came here among men, a very wise man was telling all the things that Jesus would be, and one of the loveliest names he gave Him was *"The Rose of Sharon."* I think there could not be a more beautiful name of Jesus for us to hear about in June than this one: "I am the Rose of Sharon." Way over the ocean in the "Land of the Rising Sun" which is called Japan in the geographies, children look just as sweet as the flowers for whom they are named.

There are three little sisters whose names are O Ishihara San (Miss Chrysanthemum), O Umé San (Miss Plum Blossom), and O Shika San (Miss Camellia). They are just about the cutest, prettiest little girls you ever saw, and I want to tell you about them today.

Chrysanthemum has on a yellow kimono, Plum Blossom's is lavender and Camellia's is pink. Their sleeves are very long as you see by the picture and they flutter around exactly like three dear big butterflies. Children in Japan are taught to be very polite, so when they enter their cunning little house, the three small flower girls fall on their knees and bow 'way over to knock their polite little foreheads to the floor before their father and mother!

You never saw a house with so little in it—no chairs, no tables, no bookcases, no lamps! On the floor there are some soft thick mats called Japanese straw mats. I will tell you a queer thing about them. Every mat in Japan

is made a certain size, so the rooms of a house simply have to be built the right size for the mats. People say: "This is a six mat room, I see!" The walls, doors and windows would seem very queer to us, too, for they are made of thick paper, even the *walls,* which are really big paper doors, made like screens, which can be pushed aside to make all the rooms into one big room. You can just imagine how careful Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia had to be, not to fall through the paper walls into the next room!

In Japan the people just tuck their feet under them and sit right down on the floor; at night they get some quilts and roll themselves up ready to sleep on the floor, too! When they have a meal they sit on the floor before tiny tables, with legs only a few inches high. Somehow it seems like "playing-house" to live there, don't you think so?

There was a god-shelf in the house with a great many little idols made of wood and brass on it. There was one

idol with a very long head to whom the family prayed for long life. There was another little idol with a string of fish in his hands, to whom they prayed when they wanted good luck. There was a god with rice bags on his back to whom they prayed when they wanted wealth —and ever so many more, sitting there like useless little dolls,—only I am sorry to say the family were so afraid of them that they gave them each some rice every day to keep them in a good humor.

On the day our story opens, all the little sisters were out in their tiny garden, which hardly seemed bigger than a pocket handkerchief, although there was a pretty little bridge over a tiny little lake, there was a quaint old stone lantern, several trees and some lovely flowers, too. Their mother was giving them lessons in arranging flowers, for although she did not think it necessary for girls to know how to read, she thought it was very important for them to know how flowers should be placed in a vase! For there are ways—and

ways! Each morning the sisters took turns, and on the day our story begins it was Chrysanthemum's turn to pick something pretty in the garden for the vase of flowers. She danced round the garden like a big yellow butterfly, over the bridge, around the tiny lake: here, there, everywhere, until finally she chose a branch of plum blossoms because that was what her sister Umé's name meant.

Then she went indoors and politely bowing to her mother, knelt on the floor beside her and began arranging the branch—this way—that way—the other way! Oh such twistings and turnings. Finally it was exactly right, her mother said, and told her to put it in the "honorable recess."

I am positive you never heard of an "honorable recess" before, but as Japanese houses all have them, I shall have to explain that it is a raised alcove in the very best room near the verandah. The real name for the "honorable recess" is the *"Tokonoma,"* I have put a drawing of it on your take-

home cards, where you can see the queer little table with the queer little vase of plum blossoms which Chrysanthemum arranged. There is always a long paper picture which looks rather like a banner hanging in the "honorable recess," the picture is called the *"Kakemono."* There is so little furniture in the house, that this honorable recess must always be kept beautiful by the little sisters.

I have a feeling in my heart that although everything seems so sweet and flowery in Japan, everything must be all wrong if they know nothing about Jesus, "the Rose of Sharon," and worship useless idols instead!

TWENTY-THIRD STORY

Jesus is: "The Rose of Sharon"

1. What is the name of the Birthday Feast of all Japanese girls, both greatest and least?

Ans. .....

2. What do they snatch from the big red box the minute their father the clasp unlocks?

Ans. .....

3. How do they set them up on the shelves after politely bowing themselves?

Ans. .....

4. What do they carry out doors at night to make everything round them seem very light?

Ans. .....

TWENTY-THIRD STORY

"LEAVING OUT THE BEST PART OF CHILDREN'S DAY"

EVER and ever so far away in beautiful Japan there are two Children's Days: One on March third is called "The Feast of Dolls," for girls; the one on May fifth is called "The Feast of Flags," for boys. Since our three little Japanese flower friends are girls, I thought I would tell you to-day what Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia did on their Feast of Dolls, their Children's Day, on which the very best part of all was left out!

For our Children's Day is ever so much nicer, as you will agree, because in all our hearts there is always the love of Jesus, and when we sing songs about the lovely flowers, we know that Jesus Himself is far lovelier, because

we remember His name: "The Rose of Sharon."

For one thing, all the little girls in Japan have their birthdays at the same time, at the "Feast of Dolls." Days and days before the great feast came, Plum Blossom would say: "Honored mother, how many days is it now?" And her mother always knew she meant: "Oh dear! When *is* my birthday ever going to get here?"

But, of course, the day really did arrive, and the three sisters trotted out in the garden behind their father to a little house where all their precious things were stored. He lifted down a big red box, as big as a trunk, and carried it into the house where on one side of the room were five shelves, like steps, against the wall. Although you have no idea what they are for, you may rest assured that Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia knew just what to do. It didn't take them a minute to cover the steps with a beautiful piece of red silk, then they opened the big red

box and found it *full of dolls*—just stuffed with them!

One sister lifted out the first doll, a very grand lady doll dressed in stiff silk robes embroidered with chrysanthemums. That was the *Empress* doll, so she set it up on the highest step. Then another sister carefully lifted out the *Emperor* doll, dressed in stiff silk robes, too, and put him besides the Empress on the top step.

There were girl dolls, and boy dolls, lady dolls with baby dolls strapped on their backs—all sorts of dolls were stuffed in that wonderful red box. Each doll was carried over to the steps and made to bow very low before the Emperor and Empress dolls, before being set up in its own place on a lower shelf.

These dolls had belonged to the sisters' grandmother, and when she was a little girl she had played with them on her birthdays; then their own mother had played with them on *her* birthdays, but so carefully that none of them were broken or torn. You see they were only

taken out of the red box once a year, at the "Feast of Dolls." After every doll was out of the box and seated on the steps then the three sisters got tiny dishes and pretended to feed them, beginning first with the Emperor and Empress dolls, of course! All day long they played with the dolls, knowing that at night they would have to say good-bye to them for another whole year. They could sit up as late as they wanted to that night, and their father took them out for a little walk on the street.

They each carried a paper lantern, because that is what people have to do in Japan, when the streets are so dark. While they were walking up and down the very strangest-looking lady they had ever seen walked up to them, smiling all over her pale face, she said something like this: "Honored sir, would you be willing for your distinguished daughters to attend my humble Sunday-school to-morrow?"

The father bowed very politely, and although he had never heard of a Sun-

day-school before, he said that his miserable little daughters would be delighted to attend her excellency's illustrious school.

At that, all the "miserable little daughters" looked far from miserable, for they liked this queer American lady right away, they loved her queer blue eyes and her pale yellow hair, and her funny, funny shoes! So that is the way our very own missionary tried to see that the best part of Children's Day should not be left out any longer; on this Feast of Dolls she planted the tiniest of tiny seeds which would some time blossom into the lovely Rose of Sharon.

TWENTY-FOURTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Rose of Sharon"

THREE LITTLE SISTERS AND WHAT THEY LEARNED

1. Please tell me how Japanese children usually bow?

Ans. .....

2. What in our Sunday-school was taught about idols, so useless the children thought?

Ans. .....

TWENTY-FOURTH STORY

"THREE LITTLE SISTERS AND WHAT THEY LEARNED"

PERHAPS you remember that last Sunday the three little Japanese girls, Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia, were invited to Sunday-school by our missionary, a place where they had never been before in all their lives. They did look so cunning as they sallied out of the queer little house they lived in, for each of them carried a bright-colored paper parasol and slipped into wooden clogs—clickety-clack, clickety-clack—my! what a clatter they made as their wooden shoes scraped along the street.

Long before they reached the chapel they could easily tell which building it was because children were simply pouring inside the door! When the three sisters got indoors themselves they saw

the lady with the pale hair, and knelt down on the ground and bumped their polite little noses to the floor as they said in a chorus: *"Ohays, Sensei-San,"* which means in English, "How do you do, honorable teacher!" Our missionary bowed too, only she did not kneel.

After all the children had folded their legs under them, as they sat on the floor, our missionary closed her eyes and said a little prayer, just as we do in our Sunday-schools. The three little sisters did not know about keeping their eyes shut, of course, so they spent all the time looking for the idol to whom this lady was praying.

"I can't see any honorable idol anywhere, can you?" whispered Plum Blossom.

"Neither can I," said Chrysanthemum. Then the lady asked the scholars to sing a song you and I know so well, "Jesus loves me, this I know," it sounds like this in Japanese: *"Shu ware no aisu."* Then our missionary began telling a new story about Jesus, how kind

He was, how He was with us all day in our work and in our play—just the sort of a lesson our very own teachers give us every Sunday. Then she had what all good teachers have—she had a review lesson—and oh! the mistakes those Japanese children made, all because the story of Jesus was so very, very new to them. Here was one of the mistakes:

"How many gods are there?" asked our missionary.

Up went some little hands.

"Fifteen!" said a little boy named Shonter San.

"*Twenty-five!*" said Chrysanthemum, smiling at the new teacher, "we have that many in our house, I heard my father say so. There's the honorable Buddha, there's the god of long life with the long head, there's the god of good luck with the string of fish, there's *Jizu Sama* the children's special idol, there's Kwannon the goddess of mercy with her hundred hands, there's the god of wealth with his rice bags—and oh! ever and ever so many more!"

But our missionary was far from pleased with that answer, and all over again she told them about the one true God, and about the ten commandments, one of which especially said: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and the other one: "Thou shalt not make any graven image." I can't tell you all she said, of course, but I think God helped her make this all very clear indeed, for after that one lesson Plum Blossom, Chrysanthemum and Camellia understood exactly what she meant. They talked about it on the way home.

"I wonder if she can be right about our idols being nothing but bits of stone and wood?" Chrysanthemum said.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised!" said Plum Blossom, "for once when I asked our honorable parent why the idols never ate the rice we offered them, he said the honorable gods are so great they can eat the *spirit* of the rice, without eating the rice itself. That seems awfully queer!"

Chrysanthemum said: "I tell you

what I think—I think it's awfully queer that we three little girls can skip around all day long, but the honorable idols never budge the tiniest bit from the place where we set them! Once I saw the wind blow one of our idols off the god-shelf. He fell on his nose, and he couldn't get up again, he didn't even seem to *try,* so I just had to put him back myself."

Even the quiet little Camellia spoke up: "I've heard them beat great gongs and ring loud bells in the temples to wake up the idols, but it never seems to wake them up at all! Their stone eyes never blink the way mine do when I wake up!"

You never would have guessed to see those three gay paper parasols bouncing along the street, that the three little heads under them were full of such big new ideas, I am sure! I think they had learned a great deal for their very first Sunday in Sunday-school, don't you?

TWENTY-FIFTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Rose of Sharon"

THE IDOL WHO COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF

1. What did the sisters hide in the ground with never a whisper, and never a sound?

Ans. .....

2. What is the name of the mountain so dear that in Japanese pictures 'twill often appear?

Ans. .....

3. Tell how the father was dressed when he went as a pilgrim to make the sacred ascent?

Ans. .....

4. Tell what he went up hoping to gain, which only a Christian could finally explain.

Ans. .....

TWENTY-FIFTH STORY

"THE IDOL WHO COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF"

I HOPE you have not forgotten how Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia went to Sunday-school for the first time and heard our missionary tell about how useless the idols were. For to-day I am going to tell you what the three little girls did after they got home!

Chrysanthemum tip-toed softly over to the idol-shelf and took down the idol whose name is Buddha. He was carved out of wood, and was sitting on the petals of a water lily. Bowing quite politely she whispered to him: "Honorable Buddha, I am going to make a hole in the garden and cover you all up with the earth. If you can get out of the ground and back on your shelf then I will know you are great and strong,

and we will all keep right on worshipping you. But I guess if you aren't strong enough to help yourself, you can't help us much!"

Plum Blossom was just as eager as Chrysanthemum to see what would happen, but Camellia began to cry, because she was sure something perfectly awful was going to happen to them for doing such a wicked thing! She watched her two sisters dig the hole and hide the Buddha, then they all went indoors and tried to act just as if they were not full of their tremendous secret!

The next day absolutely nothing had happened as far as they could see, so they spent most of the day watching their father get ready to make a pilgrimage up a mountain in Japan about which I want to tell you.

It is called Fujiyama, and is the one place in all Japan that everybody loves. They love it so much that artists paint it on fans and dishes and trays and screens. I think you have probably seen it yourself on something Japanese—a

beautiful mountain with pure white snow at the top. During the summer months thousands of Japanese people climb Fujiyama to worship the gods at the top, and get rid of their sins, which was what the little girls' father was going to do.

They were very much surprised to see that he was dressed all in *white,* for that is quite unusual in Japan, where people only wear white when they are in mourning, instead of black, as we do here. On his head he wore a very large hat to keep off the sun and rain. He held a staff in his hand, and around his waist was tied a belt with little bells which tinkled as he walked. He carried a roll of matting on his back, to use as a bed at night.

"Honorable father," begged Chrysanthemum, "do tell us what you will do when you get to the top of the mountain?"

"We will worship the god of the sacred mountain, little daughter, for there is a little shrine up there built of

stones. Then we will stay all night, so we can worship the sun as it rises up from the sea in the morning. Then when we come down from the sacred mountain we will have left our sins behind us."

Plum Blossom had a question, too: "But why is Fujiyama called sacred, honorable father?"

This is what the father said: "Has my daughter ever noticed that the god Buddha on the idol-shelf is sitting on a lotus flower—the flower that looks like a water lily?"

You just ought to have seen those three little girls *then,* for that was the very idol they had buried in the garden! It was all Plum Blossom could do to say yes, she knew the idol her father meant.

"Well then," he explained, "we think that Fujiyama is like a lotus flower. It is snowy-white above and green beneath, just as the lotus is. We feel that just as the images of Buddha show him sit-

ting on a lotus flower, so he must be sitting up on the Fujiyama glorified. It is too deep for little girls to understand, I fear."

Then he left. He was away six days, and every day the three sisters went out to the garden to see if anything had happened to the idol. On the sixth day they saw a tiny green shoot coming out of the ground.

"The idol is growing into a big tree!" whispered Plum Blossom, and knelt down and knocked her head very politely to the idol who really did seem able to do something, after all.

But Chrysanthemum carefully dug down into the earth and saw that it was only a tiny grain of rice, left on the idol's arm, which had sprouted and grown. But the idol himself looked exactly as wooden and helpless as ever.

"Well!" said Chrysanthemum, "I don't think Buddha is one bit of good, he couldn't even do what a tiny grain of rice did!"

So Plum Blossom got up from her knees, and carried the helpless old idol back into the house. And there she met her father, just back home, tired and very dusty.

"You must have left your sins behind you on the mountain, honored father!" she said, "you look so happy."

The father reached in his long sleeve and pulled out a little package wrapped up in a bundle handkerchief, the Japanese call it a *furushiki,* and drew out a little black book which you and I would know in a minute was a Bible, although none of the others had ever seen one before. He explained how a Japanese Christian had climbed Fujiyama with him and the other pilgrims, not to worship the idols at the top, but to tell the pilgrims about Jesus, and to give them each a Bible. So 'way up on beautiful Fujiyama the father had become a Christian, and he didn't care at all when they told him about burying the idol, for just as you can't imagine

picking thorns and weeds when there is a wonderful rose to be gathered, so you can't imagine worshipping idols when you come to love Jesus, "the Rose of Sharon."

TWENTY-SIXTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Rose of Sharon"

THE FOUR R's

1. Tell of the bath the small sisters took, so hot they really could almost cook!

Ans. .....

2. What was the name of the carriage so queer, pulled by a *horse* who could both *talk* and hear?

Ans. .....

3. Tell two queer things about Japanese books—where, in beginning, a Japanese looks?

Ans. .....

4. What do they write with in Japanese schools? And on what do they learn their arithmetic rules?

Ans. .....

TWENTY-SIXTH STORY

"THE FOUR R's"

After the father of Chrysanthemum, Plum Blossom and Camellia joined our church in Japan, our missionary said to him: "Would it not be wise to send your honorable daughters to our school, so they can learn to read and write?"

He thought it would be a very good idea, indeed, and I don't need to tell you how delighted *they* were! Their mother scrubbed them up so well, that it actually hurt! The Japanese bath tub looks like a barrel, with a stove in the side to heat the water, which is really almost boiling hot—hotter than you or I could possibly stand.

After breakfast, their mother gave them each a paper umbrella in case it should rain, and she hung a little silk bag with a jar of rice inside it on the

left arm of each excited little girl. This was for their luncheon. Then their father called a jinrikisha to drive them to school. A jinrikisha looks like an old-fashioned two-wheeled buggy with a hood over it, and there is a man to pull it instead of a horse. They squeezed inside it, and off the man started toward the school.

Such bowing as had to be done at school! It almost seemed as if that was all they would get done that day. The three little sisters were dreadfully surprised not to sit on the floor, but on benches before little desks, exactly like those you and I have. By and by Chrysanthemum's legs got so tired dangling in mid air, that she just tucked them under her, and felt more comfortable!

You would be surprised to see a Japanese book, and learn that they *begin* to read at what we call the end, and they read *down* the page from *right* to *left*. [Teacher please illustrate with a book.] That means that the title of

their book is on what we call the back cover, and the end of their book is where we would expect the beginning! In our bookcases we like to place books on end, in rows; but the Japanese lay them flat on their sides, and pile them up in columns.

The Japanese people do not make letters like ours, but very queer-looking characters which are made with a brush (dipped in ink) instead of a pen. Chrysanthemum and Camellia copied their letters quite well, but poor Plum Blossom had a very mussy time, getting ink all over herself! All three of them got their papers so sopping wet with the strange black ink, that our missionary said they had better carry their sheets of paper out doors, and hang them up to dry at recess time, while they ate their rice.

After recess they had their arithmetic class, and used a soraban, which is a counting machine made of a frame with wires stretched across it, and beads strung on the wires. Even clerks in the

banks and in the stores do all their counting on sorabans.

There was a story hour in school, too, with stories and pictures about what Jesus did when He was here among men. Altogether that first day at school was very wonderful to them, and they went home just full of things to tell their mother. It was a little disappointing to find that there was a caller visiting them, a lady who was Mrs. Cherry Blossom, whom I first told you about way over in New York City. She had come back to Japan, with many wonderful stories of America and of our church for Japanese people in New York City.

"We go to church now, too!" said Chrysanthemum, watching Mrs. Cherry Blossom drinking her tea and wrapping up all the little cakes she could not eat then, to take home with her. That is the polite thing to do in Japan, of course.

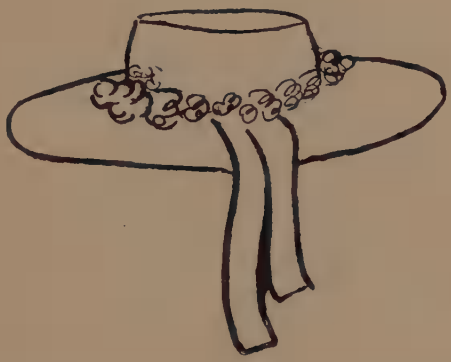
Then Mrs. Cherry Blossom said exactly what you and I are thinking: that

it really doesn't matter at all how beautiful the lovely flowers of Japan are, or how pretty are the dear little gardens everywhere, if the Japanese people do not grow "the Rose of Sharon" in their hearts, and put Jesus first of all! Perhaps it will help to fix it in your mind to add one extra R to the "Three R's" the children were learning in school: "Reading, Writing, Arithmetic"—the fourth R is the "Rose of Sharon" which our missionaries are planting every day.

TWENTY-SEVENTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Friend of little Children"

THE FORGETMENOT FAMILY



There once was a cunning little straw bonnet which actually told about what was on it! Write down all you can about flowers and coats—just nice little, short little, memory notes!

TWENTY-SEVENTH STORY

"THE FORGETMENOT FAMILY"

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was very pretty, and she knew it! It is really much nicer to be pretty, and not know it at all. But, of course, she heard people say how pretty she was, so she looked in the glass and couldn't help but agree with them that her eyes were like forgetmenots and her cheeks like roses.

"I could be prettier yet," she whispered to herself, "if I only had a new blue coat with lots of buttons on it, and a sweet little straw hat with blue forgetmenots all around it. Then everybody would say: "Isn't she the prettiest girl, and the flowers in her hat just match her eyes!"

So she began suggesting this and that to her mother; and the consequence was that they both made a trip down town

and bought the most fetching little hat you ever saw, with darling little forget-menots all around it, and a pretty blue coat with dozens of buttons up and down the front. She felt very fine. And she really did look very nice, although the new things didn't cost very much; in fact, I don't believe her new things were a bit prettier than the ones I see you wearing this morning.

Saturday night she could hardly wait for Sunday morning to come, so she could wear them to Sunday-school and surprise everybody. When she went to bed she even hung the little new hat and coat on the foot of her bed, so she could see them the first thing in the morning.

But she had hardly been in bed a minute before her hat began to talk to her! She was very much surprised, for she never knew hats could talk before.

"I'm so unhappy!" cried her little Straw Hat, "because I know things about your clothes I think you ought to know!"

"Oh dear!" cried the Little Girl, feel-

ing frightened, "is anything the matter with them? I would simply *die* if anything happened so I couldn't show them off to-morrow in Sunday-school."

"Well, no," said the Straw Hat, "nothing's the matter with the things themselves, but you seem to think so much about yourself that you never give even the tiniest thought to how there happened to be hats and forgetmenots and coats and buttons in the stores all ready for you to buy! I suppose you know such things don't grow on *trees!*"

"Of course I'm not as foolish as *that!*" said the Little Girl, "I suppose somebody or other makes them."

"Oh that's just it!" cried the Straw Hat, "I just hate the way you say '*somebody or other,*' as if it didn't matter a rap to you who made them, so you could be called prettier than usual in them."

"Well, who did make them anyhow?" asked the Little Girl.

"The Forgetmenot Family!" answered the Straw Hat, and even while he

said the words the Little Girl felt herself floating right out of bed, right out of the window, she even floated over miles and miles of roofs, until she found herself in a perfectly horrid part of town, standing in a dirty smelly room in a dirty, dark old tenement building.

There was a dim gas-jet burning, and under it sat two tiny little girls, one was three years old, the other four. They were working just as hard as they possibly could making forgetmenots. But of course their little fingers were rather slow and clumsy doing it, because they were really nothing but babies, and baby fingers found it hard to draw a yellow center through the blue velvet flower. Yet they had each finished a big box full that day, and were afraid to stop until their mother told them.

The Straw Hat whispered to the Little Girl: "Teresa has made 500 forgetmenots to-day, so she will get five cents to give her father. But Michelina has only made two hundred, she is

so tiny and she gets so sleepy that she forgets to work. Her father will be very cross when she only gives him two cents to-night."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried the Little Girl, "Is that how I got my forgetmenots? Why I do believe the little girl you call Michelina is cross-eyed?"

"Yes, she is!" said the Straw Hat. "She has to look very closely at the forgetmenots and her eyes are weak, so the muscles have contracted. That is her mother over there sewing on button after button after button so little girls can have dozens of them up and down the fronts of their coats. She hardly takes time to eat all day, she just sews on buttons. Her fourteen-year old daughter works in the button factory making buttons, and the father works in the clothing factory sewing blue coats like yours. Then there is a son who works in a hat factory where straw hats, like me, are made! Factories are rather horrid places, stuffy and oily,

with noisy machinery whirring all around. So now you see you really wouldn't look nearly so pretty if it weren't for this Somebody or other Forgetmenot Family!"

"I've been such a selfish nasty little girl, haven't I?" the Little Girl said, and then presto! she was back in bed, and her mother was saying: "Why no, I don't think so, dear. You must be dreaming. Wake up, and get dressed, for it's Sunday morning."

The Little Girl wore her pretty new things all day, but she entirely forgot how pretty she probably looked in them, because she kept remembering the Forgetmenot Family that made them.

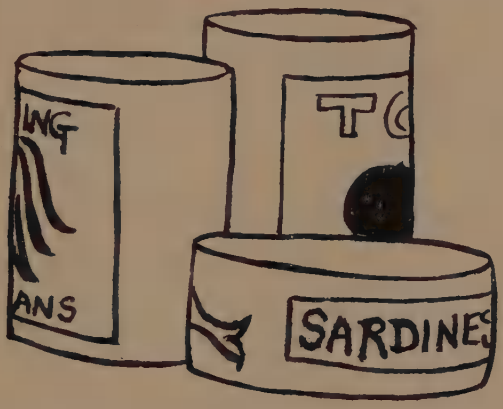
Of course, "somebody or other" makes all the pretty things you and I wear, and I think the Friend of Little children wants us to remember that while new clothes are very nice to wear, they are, oh! so very hard to make! It will make us like the clothes better if we remember these busy people in our

prayers: "God bless all the people in factories who have helped make things for me to wear to-day, and bless our missionaries who are making them happier every day. Amen."

TWENTY-EIGHTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Friend of little Children"

TIN CANS AND OTHER CANS



1. Who is it strings the canned string bean so often on your table seen?

Ans. .....

2. Who is it shucks the oyster shells, until each finger bleeds and swells?

Ans. .....

3. Who is it helps Thanksgiving Day, by picking cranberries red and gay?

Ans. .....

4. Who is it scales each gray sardine, and cans them tight—no room between?

Ans. .....

5. Who is it can really help to cause the making of better Child Labor laws?

Ans. .....

TWENTY-EIGHTH STORY

"TIN CANS AND OTHER CANS"

[NOTE: The teacher may add to the effectiveness of this story by having some of the mentioned articles to show.]

ONCE there was a boy named Jack who was always hungry. Boys often are! I dare say you get dreadfully hungry yourself every day; I'm sure your mother expects you to—that is why she spends so much time putting things up in glass jars to be eaten next winter. Jack's mother did that same thing, and she also bought a great many canned goods—tomato cans with pictures of juicy red tomatoes on the labels, sardine cans with silvery fishes on the labels, etc., etc. The day they came home from the store there were so many of them that she asked Jack to put them in neat rows on the pantry shelves. He worked all day, and that night he said to his mother: "I tell you what, mother, if it

wasn't for me, you wouldn't have all those things ready for the winter, would you?"

"Well of course you did help a lot," his mother answered, "but so many other boys and girls helped, too, that you really are only one of about a hundred or so!"

Jack looked perfectly astonished: "Why mother, there hasn't been another boy or girl in this house all day long! I did every speck of that work myself, *honest Injun!*"

She smiled at him as if she had a secret, then she went to the pantry and brought back a few tin cans and some oysters and cranberries. Putting them in a row on the table, she said: "Let's begin with the string beans, Jack. First of all, somebody picked them, and sent them to a canning factory. Then somebody there was told to string the beans, and I'm sorry to say that hundreds of little children helped do it. They tell me that no machine that has ever been made can snip off the ends as well as

the fingers of little boys and girls. Sometimes they are Italian boys and girls, only five or six years old. They get so tired working all day long. This tomato can has the same kind of a story to tell, of lots of little children under fourteen working, working, working."

"Don't they go to school?" asked Jack.

"Not every day, of course, for while there are vegetables to be canned the children are needed. Perhaps you can imagine how hard it would be to miss three or four months of school at a time. It makes them always behind. Now here is a can of sardines which are canned in a factory in Maine by little Canadian children. Perhaps you never heard that sardines are caught in big nets called seines. Whenever a boat-load of fish is brought in, a whistle blows. Then you ought to see the little children running from all directions! Perhaps some of them had been asleep, or playing—but whatever they were doing they must stop and run straight to the fac-

tories to begin their work of flaking off the fish scales. It isn't that it's such hard work, but children are entirely too young and tender to work so many, many hours at a time. Lots of the boys and girls are only nine years old. They can't get to school, either, so it means they will grow up rather stupid, and their tired backs will be bent and crooked all the rest of their lives."

"It's just horrid, isn't it?" Jack said.

"Indeed it is!" his mother agreed. "Now here are some oysters. I wonder if you know they are not soft and watery down south in Florida when they are gathered. They grow in oyster banks, with rough heavy shells all around them. Men gather cartload after cartload of oysters in their tough bony shells, and take them to the factories where little Polish children *shuck* them, which means taking off the hard heavy shell so the soft watery inside part of the oyster can be canned. They work all day until their fingers get swollen and bleeding from the broken

shells. They only get five cents for a long day's work! They tell me some of the children are only four or five years old, and once when some missionaries and other kind people tried to pass a law forbidding the canning factories from letting such tiny children work so hard, the factory owners said: "Oh well, it's not as if they were *American* children—for they're only *little foreigners!*"

Jack looked rather mad. "My! what dreadful men they must be!" he said.

His mother sighed. "The queer part about it is, I suppose they were very nice to their own boys and girls, perhaps they even went to church on Sundays; but of course something was very wrong in their hearts. They had no real love for Jesus there, or else they would have remembered He was the "Friend of Little Children." Now here are the cranberries which we love to begin eating on Thanksgiving Day! Cranberries grow in bogs where there are lots of mosquitoes! Italian families pick the

cranberries; and when I say *families,* I mean not only the mothers and fathers, but all their children, even down to the little baby! They all go out together in the early morning and pick, pick, pick, all day long! Red cranberries! Red cranberries! Red cranberries—day after day. They get so sick of them!"

When his mother stopped talking, Jack said: "I suppose there's a story about every tin can if we only knew it. I wish there was somebody who could help all those kids you've just been telling me about."

"Well," said his mother, "here are some other cans: Missionaries *can,* and I can, and you can! We can all help. Some day you will be old enough to vote, then you can have some 'say' about these bad laws which let little children work. A Christian boy can always find ways to help the 'Friend of Little Children,' if he cares enough!"

Jack answered: "You bet he can!"

TWENTY-NINTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Friend of little Children"

WHO WARMS YOUR HOUSE IN WINTER

1. Who made the box the matches to hold—somebody somewhere not ten years old?

Ans. .....

2. How many persons are needed to make the morning newspaper for father's sake?

Ans. (1)..... (2).....

(3)..... (4)..... (5).....

(6)..... (7).....

3. What people help you, from miner to seller, to get hard coal ready to dump in your cellar?

Ans. .....

TWENTY-NINTH STORY

"WHO WARMS YOUR HOUSE IN WINTER?"

[NOTE: The teacher may add to the effectiveness of this story by having these four articles on hand.]

ONE winter Tom earned ten cents a week helping his father. He did all sorts of things down in the cellar, like shoveling the ashes out of the furnaces, putting on coal through the day, chopping wood, and lots of other little chores. He did it very well, too.

One day, quite by mistake, his father let the furnace fire go out. Of course the house got very cold, because it was in the month of January. But by the time his father came home from work, Tom had everything all ready for his father to lay paper, then the kindling wood, then the coal into the furnace. So it was only a minute before his father drew a little box of matches

from his pocket, struck a match and lighted the paper.

Crackle! Crackle! Snap! Crack! Zip! Snap! Crackle!

Yes, the fire was surely started. As they stood down there with their hands in their pockets waiting for it to burn up, Tom said proudly to his father: "I tell you what father, if it wasn't for you and me doing all this, I guess mother and the girls would just about *freeze,* wouldn't they?"

His father had to smile to see how very important Tom felt; then he said: "Well, let me see, Tom, I hardly know about that, I wouldn't be at all surprised if it took at least one hundred other people to help us start this fire, —even a canary bird helped!"

You ought to have heard Tom laugh! "Well I like that!" he said. "Didn't I split the kindling, and shovel the coal, and get the old newspapers all crushed up ready for you? Why, not another soul has been down in this cellar for days, Dad—honest Injun!"

Tom's father sat down on a big box, and ticked off the things on his fingers: "Well, let me see: 'First we used a *match,* then a *newspaper,* then *wood,* then *coal.* That's four things. Let's begin with the match box. Here it is —tell me what it says right there on the cover?"

Tom leaned over and read where his father pointed: "Made in Japan."

"All right!" said his father. "Then first of all it took a very tiny little Japanese girl to help us make our furnace fire. For 'way over the sea in certain Japanese towns there are poor little Japanese girls and boys who make match boxes like this all day long, day in and day out. How much do you suppose they get for them?"

Tom turned the frail little box over and over in his hand: "I don't know, sir. Perhaps two cents apiece!"

Tom's father put the box back in his pocket again as he said: "My dear fellow, that would be a regular fortune to those poor children, for they only get

8 cents for a *thousand* boxes! Perhaps you can figure out how slow their little fingers have to work bending the sides and pasting them together."

Tom whistled. "My! only eight cents a thousand! Why, you give me all of ten cents to do odd jobs down here in the cellar. Say, that's fierce, isn't it?"

His father went on: "Then there's the newspaper we used for our fire. Now once newspapers were trees!"

"What?" gasped Tom: "Trees?"

"Yes, trees way out in some big forest. It took several rough lumber jacks, off in the lonely woods far away from churches and schools and stores, to cut down the particular tree that finally became this newspaper. It took an engineer to run the engine that pulled the freight car on which our tree was piled. Then it took a good many different men in the factory to make the tree over into wood pulp, and still more men to make the wood pulp over into paper. Then it took a lot of reporters and telegraph operators as well as type-

setters and printers to print the words on the newspaper, and a newsboy to deliver it to our door. So even in crushing the old newspaper you had a good many helpers."

"Well, I should say I did!" said Tom. "Sort of hard work for all of them, too, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was. As for the kindling wood it was cut down and chopped up by men in our Rescue Mission here in town, men who used to spend all their times in saloons until they got jobs like that."

Tom sighed: "I guess the last little chop I gave the wood wasn't much of a stunt then, was it?"

"It helped me, though, Tom, that counts! Now we come to the *coal.* Perhaps you know there is *hard* coal and *soft* coal. You and I couldn't have this hard coal burning here in our furnace if it weren't for soft coal. I'll tell you why: because there have to be steel rails for the steel coal cars to travel over, steel typewriters to write orders for the

coal, steel shovels to shovel the coal into our cellars. In order to have steel, there has to be the most tremendously hot fire you can imagine—200 huge soft coal ovens burning day and night, with men from foreign lands in charge of them, running here and there from oven to oven to fill them up. The heat is terrific. But even before there is soft coal for the oven, other strange men from foreign lands had to go deep, deep down in the earth to dig out the coal. That was very dangerous work, for there are gases down there that make the men faint and become unconscious. That's where the *canary* comes in! For these miners carry a canary in a cage with them. You see, the canary faints from the gases several minutes before the men would do so, so it gives the men a warning to rush to fresher air. Since we need soft coal and steel to bring hard coal to our furnace, I can hardly count up how many hundreds of persons it took to help you and me make this fire—all the way from the Japanese child to the ca-

nary bird! But I do know this, it was dangerous, hard work for all of them. These are only a few of the things we owe to the immigrant workmen from over the sea."

Tom came and put his arm on his father's shoulders: "Say Dad," he said, "it makes me feel awfully cheeky to think I boasted about doing this job alone!"

Tom's father smiled: "That's all right, you couldn't know without being told that it takes such a lot of unknown persons to help us live. I think God wants us to honor each of these working men in our thoughts. He loves them exactly as well as He loves you and me. I'm sure He doesn't like to hear us make fun of them just because their faces and clothes get smutty and dirty doing our hard jobs, or because they talk languages we don't understand. God understands them."

Tom dug his hands in his pockets. "Dad, you know the fellows I know call them Wops and Dagoes and Sheenies.

It's awfully cheap in us to do it, isn't it?"

"Rather!" his father said emphatically. "What's the good of having our fine missionaries working for such people all the day if you and I can't even be decently Christian."

"Then never again!" Tom shouted, "they must be a pretty good bunch to do all they do for us!"

THIRTIETH STORY

Jesus is: "The Friend of little Children"

WANTED! NEW EYES!

1. What kind of eyes does everyone need—some of us very badly indeed?

Ans. .....

Write in your own words a short little theme on the kind little girl's nice little dream:

.....

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THIRTIETH STORY

"WANTED! NEW EYES!"

I WONDER if you have guessed that I have been trying to give each of you a new pair of eyes the last three Sundays! No, I don't mean eye *glasses,* at all! I mean *eyes!* Something that isn't to be worn all day and taken off when you go to bed at night, but something that will be such a part of *you,* that *YOU* wouldn't be *YOU* if you didn't have eyes like that!

Of course, very special eyes like these have to have a name, and I think "missionary eyes" will suit them pretty well. Some of you have missionary eyes already, without knowing it! How many of you will ever be able to see buttons, and coats, straw hats and artificial forgetmenots, canned beans, and sardines, or cranberries and match boxes, without wondering who made them? Per-

haps you will make a little picture in your mind about them, you will see busy hurrying fingers and bent backs working away all day long,—if you do, why then you have missionary eyes! For when missionary eyes see *things,* somehow they always see *people* too. A newspaper means busy reporters and printers; a lump of coal means tired miners with smutty faces way down in the earth; cranberries mean Italian families out in the bogs where the mosquitoes are thick; of course sometimes the story will be hidden away somewhere for them to learn about some other time.

Missionary eyes can't glare, or stare, or wink when other people don't look exactly like themselves. They remember that when the Friend of Little Children was here among men He did not say: "Let all the clean, nicely dressed little American children come unto me!" But He just said: "Let the little children come unto me." So when missionary eyes see little foreign chil-

dren who aren't so very clean, and who have queer shawls and earrings and caps, they smile! smile! smile! But it's the kind of smile that is friendly, and never hurts.

Missionary eyes always have missionary hands. Here is a dream-story to prove it:

Once upon a time a Little Girl was out walking. By and by she came to Heaven. It was lovely there, for she could look right inside the gate. Lots of people were going in, so she said to the Angel at the gate: "Could I please go in with them?"

"But those are the King's Helpers," the Angel explained, "Are you a Helper?"

"Why I don't think so!" said the Little Girl. "What are they?"

"The King's Helpers do beautiful things for the King with their money and their time for anybody who needs help. The King keeps all their names in His Book of Remembrance, and today He has invited them to His palace

to thank them. I will see if your name is in His Book."

"Oh no, thank you! You really needn't trouble to look!" said the Little Girl. "You see, I haven't any money at all, and I haven't any time, either, for ever since father died I have to work after school to earn money for the house rent. So there's no chance for me to be a Helper."

She was turning away, when the Angel called her back: "Just wait a minute, dear, for I have opened the Book of Remembrance and I see quite a number of things you have done for the King."

"Oh really?" asked the Little Girl, running back to the Angel. "Why, what can they be, I wonder?"

"Well, the Book says that once on a very hot day some Italian workmen were fixing the street in front of your house. You saw how they mopped their hot faces with big red handkerchiefs, so you carried out a pitcher of cold water to them."

"Oh but that was such a tiny thing to do!" said the Little Girl, "it only took me a minute, and it didn't cost me a single penny. It was fun though, for they grinned all over their nice brown faces. I was ever so surprised they were friendly!"

"Then here is another thing the King has entered in His Book of Remembrance. Once in a very crowded street car you gave your seat to a negro washerwoman carrying home a big bundle of washing!"

"Yes, I remember that, too. You see, she was ever so tired. Everybody in the car got to laughing at her because she lurched around so when the car started. There wasn't a strap for her to hang on to, you know, and she had the biggest hardest bundle to carry you ever saw. So I just said: 'You take my seat. I just love to stand.' So you see, it wasn't much for me to do, was it? I didn't suppose the King noticed little everyday things like that!"

"Oh, but He does!" said the Angel,

"They are the things He counts the most. Then I see that once you gave a banana to a little Jewish newsboy downtown one cold winter day."

"Oh, did I?" asked the Little Girl. "I don't remember that at all."

"It was like this:" read the Angel, "the banana was all your mother had to give you for your luncheon, but when you saw how thin and starved the little fellow looked you shoved the banana into his hand, and said: 'I'm sorry it isn't nice warm soup. But it's all I have!' "

The Little Girl laughed and laughed: "Oh yes! I remember now. That was the day I got so awfully hungry for supper, and mother simply couldn't understand why! I didn't tell her, either, for I thought she might feel badly to know I had had so little to give away."

"My dear!" said the Angel, "you have missionary eyes and hands!"

"Oh, have I really?" asked the Little Girl. "Isn't that nice! And does that

mean, then, that I have really helped the King, dear Angel?"

But just then the King Himself stood before her, and said in a voice like the music of all sweet sounds: "I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; thirsty and you gave me to drink; a stranger and you took me in. For inasmuch as you did it to one of my brothers, even the least, you did it unto me."

Jesus said: "I am the Water of Life"

THE WOMAN AT THE WELL

1. Describe an Arab house so flat, and where at night the family chat.

Ans. .....

2. Tell of the life the family lead, and who of them knows how to read?

Ans. .....

3. And now write down the reason why the Arabs fear the "Evil Eye?"

Ans. .....

4. Tell what they wear on neck and arm to keep themselves from feeling harm.

Ans. .....

THIRTY-FIRST STORY

"THE WOMAN AT THE WELL"

ONE day when Jesus lived here among men, He was very tired for He had been walking and talking all day long, so He sat down on the stone curb of a well, while His friends went into the village nearby, to get something to eat.

Before long a woman from the village came up to the well, carrying a clay water jar on her head. Jesus asked her for a drink; then, because He always knows what is in people's hearts, He knew that she had not always been good, but that she was thirsty to know how to be better. So in telling her that He had come to the world to help just such thirsty souls as hers, He said: "I am the Water of Life, if you drink of Me, you will never thirst again." It was just the kind of a name she could under-

stand after He explained it to her, and she was so delighted that she ran back to the village to ask her neighbors to come and meet Jesus. The Bible even says she quite forgot to take her water jar back with her!

I like to know she was as interested as all that, don't you? To-day I have another story about a forgotten water pot, and although my story happened only a very little while ago, the woman carried the same kind of a pot on her head as the woman to whom Jesus talked so many hundreds of years ago. She lived in a country called Arabia, quite near the land where Jesus lived when He was here among men.

In Arabia the people build square one-story houses with flat roofs. At night they sit up on the roofs and watch the stars; but in the daytime you will be amused to hear that the family goats scramble up there to eat the grass which is growing on the flat dirt roof!

The inside of the house is not very attractive. Part of it is raised up from

the ground several steps—the family live in this upper part, where there is no furniture but a few mats and jars full of grain and flour. In the unraised part of the house the donkey and the goats live,—with no partition between the two halves of the room!

In one of these flat houses there lived a little Arab girl named Sherin (Sherin) which means "sweet" in English, although there was not much that was sweet in her life at the time our missionary met her. It was like this:

One morning Sherin was grinding corn, when a shadow fell inside the doorway.

"Is anybody home here?" the shadow asked from outside.

Sherin jumped up and ran to the door to see what this Talking Shadow looked like! There stood our missionary.

"Oh, good morning!" she said pleasantly.

Sherin smiled a very shy smile, and bowed using the polite words they used to worshipful people in Arabia: "I take

the earth from beneath your feet and kiss it!"

She thought all honor was due this remarkable visitor, who wore so many wonderful clothes. For one thing there was her *hat*—Sherin could hardly take her eyes off it, for she never had seen one before. Then she found her *shoes* just as queer and interesting, and she thought it was almost past belief that this astonishing lady wore no veil—my! my! For in Arabia all the women have to wear heavy veils over their faces so no one can see them on the street.

However, our missionary did not realize how startling a sight she was and although Sherin explained that her mother had gone to the well for water, taking the baby with her, still she thought it worth while to stay and talk with this nice little girl. They had the best kind of a time together for our missionary had a book and some pictures with her. Sherin nearly fell over with surprise when our missionary asked her if she could read.

"Surely Allah did not intend women to be learned!" she said, "for I never heard of a woman before who could read at all!"

"Not even one?" asked our missionary sadly.

"No one but you!" answered Sherin positively, "even my father cannot read much, although he wears a piece of paper tied around his arm with a verse from the Koran on it."

"What does he do that for?" asked our missionary, for although she thought she knew, yet she found it so hard to believe that she often had to ask all over again!

"Oh, he does it to protect him from the Evil Eye!" Sherin explained. "I think my father wears more charms than any man in this town—he has some holy earth from Mecca which he carries in a bag around his neck, then there are blue beads hanging from this bag. He wears an old coin hanging from one of his ears, and he has all the names of Allah and Mohammed fastened around

his waist. He has to be protected against the Evil Eye in his business, you see."

"What is his business?" our missionary asked.

"Oh, he sells dates and figs in the bazaar, and he says you never can tell in the market when the Evil Eye will hurt you."

Perhaps you don't know what the "Evil Eye" is—it is rather like the evil spirits we have heard a good deal about already, only in this case it is *somebody* instead of *something* who casts his or her spell on you. Arab mothers are terribly afraid of it, and whenever they see a stranger they cover their babies with part of their shawls, so the stranger can't send the Evil Eye to hurt their little ones. They wear charms all over them, too, and blue beads on their caps for good luck.

Before our missionary left she told Sherin a little story about Jesus, and asked her to come to our Sunday-school

in that town in Arabia. Sherin shyly said she would come.

About ten minutes after our missionary had gone, Sherin's mother rushed in wildly. "Oh Allah help me!" she cried, and then told Sherin the dreadful news that she had *lost the baby!*

"I put him down to play in the dirt beside the well, while I talked with some of the women. Along came a white stranger, some of the women nudged me and said: 'She is the Hat-Lady.' She wears no veil on the street, but a queer hat on her head and shoes on her feet. And although I rushed over to cover up baby's face so she could not cast the Evil Eye on him, I was not in time, for she *smiled right straight at him,* and then walked away. I felt in my bones something awful would happen, I remember I touched the charm around my neck right away. But then someone got to telling us all some rare gossip, and I listened and forgot all about it, until suddenly I discovered the baby was nowhere to be seen. Then I knew

the Hat-Lady had cast the Evil Eye on him and bewitched him away somewhere! Oh, Allah help me!"

Sherin felt a thousand ways all at once. She felt sure this Hat-Lady must have been the same one who had just visited her, and she felt positive such a wonderful lady could not cast an Evil Eye on anyone. So she said to her mother: "And where is your water-jar? Did she spirit that away, too?"

"Oh, I forgot all about it!" the mother exclaimed. "I left it standing on the well-curb. You run and get it."

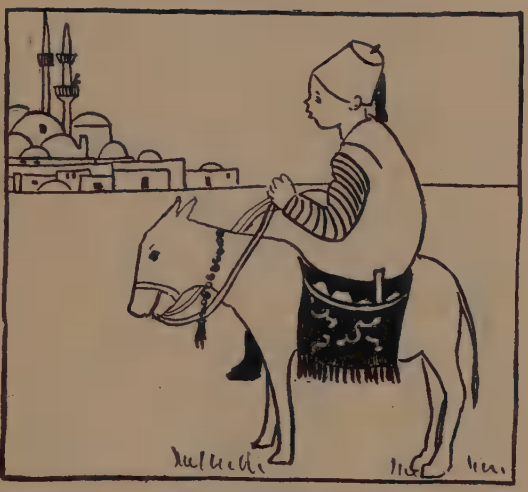
So Sherin ran off to the well to bring home the water-jar, and she found the baby, too. You see while his mother was talking and listening, the little fellow had had a beautiful time crawling further and further away from her, until finally he crawled right into somebody's house and went sound asleep! And, of course, our missionary had nothing at all to do with it, neither did "Evil Eye"; but Sherin's mother said: "This is what comes of taking the swad-

dling clothes off the baby so soon, if he had only been all bandaged up then he couldn't have crawled! Mother's own sweet jar of milk and honey! The apple of her eye! Her sweet pomegranate blossom."

Which just shows you how much she loved him!

Jesus said: "I am the Water of Life"

"FIVE TIMES A DAY"



1. What is the very funny rule for studying in an Arab school?

Ans. .....

2. Please mention all the things you can of what is found in the Koran.

Ans. .....

3. Who was it wrote this curious book and tell what else he undertook?

Ans. .....

4. Tell me how the Arabs pray when someone calls five times a day.

Ans. .....

THIRTY-SECOND STORY

"FIVE TIMES A DAY!"

To-day I am going to tell you about some more of the queer things Arab families believe. Last Sunday you met Sherin, a little Arab girl, so to-day I am going to tell you about her brother Achmed. He went to school in a mosque,—an Arab school it was, not one bit like any you ever heard of before. A mosque is a sort of temple where the Arabs come to worship Allah, and a great many schools are held in the unused corners of the mosque.

Achmed studied only one book, called the Koran, and he always studied it *out loud!* All the other boys had to study the same way, so you can imagine what a noisy school it was: one boy droning his alphabet over and over, another saying his numbers outloud, learning to count, others reading parts of the

Koran. The schoolmaster would get quite provoked at Achmed if he was *quiet*—he thought it surely showed he was not studying, so he rapped his knuckles with a stick, which made Achmed begin jabbering away again, at once, of course!

Some of the things Achmed read in the Koran would seem very absurd to us, although he believed every word of them. Here are two of them: "If a fly falls into a dish of food, plunge it in completely, then take it out and throw it away, for in one of its wings is a cause of sickness, and in the other a cause of health; and in falling it falls on the sick wing; but if the fly is entirely covered by food, then the healthy wing will do away with the bad effect of the sick wing." You can easily see that the man who wrote the Koran did not know anything about germs, or believe in "swatting the fly" before it has a chance even to *see* the inside of a house.

This man who wrote the Koran also

told what to do to keep a bad dream from hurting you—he very solemnly wrote that the only thing to do was to spit three times over the left shoulder! Another thing he said was that people should begin everything on the *right* side and end with the *left* side—in taking a bath, for instance, they should rub from the right side to the left side always, or else they would have bad luck.

Poor little Achmed believed every word of the Koran, and was very careful to do all these things.

Five times a day a very strange thing happened in all Arabian cities. A man walked out on the tower of the mosque and called: "Come to prayer! Come to prayer! There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet." Five times a day when that sounded, every boy stopped saying his lessons out loud, and fell on his knees, bowed his head to the earth, and said a prayer from the Koran. The school teacher did the same thing. In fact all over Arabia, or

wherever anybody believed in Mohammed or the book called the Koran, five times a day every single man, woman and child must stop whatever they are doing when they hear the muezzin call from the tower of the mosque, and kneel down to pray—in the stores, in the street, in school or at home. They were always careful to turn their faces toward a city called Mecca where this man Mohammed was born.

I can just hear you saying: "Well, who is this Mohammed, anyhow?"

In the first place he lived in Arabia a great many hundreds of years ago, and he decided he would start a new religion of his own, since he did not care for idols, and he also did not want to believe in the Lord Jesus. This new religion was called *Mohammedanism,* after him; but since he was not a good man, the things he taught were very far from good, as I will show you. For one thing, he said that anyone who did not believe in his new religion should be killed at once. The poor Arabs were so

scared that they hurried to be Mohammedans, of course. Then Mohammed wrote the Koran, to be a sort of *Bible* to his followers, only he put in such absurd things as the sayings about dreams and flies of which I just told you, and many cruel things about women: that they were not nearly as good as a man, that they must not leave their homes, that they must always wear veils over their faces—oh, all kinds of things that have made Arab women unhappy ever since! It was because the Arabs believed the Koran, that it was the only book they studied in school.

After Achmed had read it all through once, he was ready to graduate from the primary school, which was a wonderful event in his life. His mother dressed him up in his very best clothes, and Sherin decorated their patient old gray donkey with blue bead necklaces and jingling bells and a red tassel here and there just for luck. Then Achmed got on it, and rode around to visit all his friends and neighbors, who gave him

presents of sticky candy or small pieces of money. Then he rode to the mosque, carrying a handsome present of figs, dates and cigarettes for the schoolmaster.

I just wish you could have seen Achmed give it to him! He knelt down and touched the earth with one hand, then raised the hand to his lips as he said: "I take the earth from beneath your feet and kiss it, O learned master!"

So that is how Achmed went through school, learning only those silly useless things which Mohammed had written in the Koran. Next week I will tell you about a better school than that in Arabia!

THIRTY-THIRD STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Water of Life"

"SEVEN LOAVES OF BREAD"

1. Write down what you can of the sacred tree, and what hung there for an Arab to see?

Ans. .....

2. When the baby got sick his mother did what? Two things that were silly, and one that was not?

Ans. .....

3. What do Arabian women need worst? And how can Christ satisfy their thirst?

Ans. .....

THIRTY-THIRD STORY

"SEVEN LOAVES OF BREAD"

PERHAPS you remember that when our missionary called at Sherin's little house with the flat roof, she had invited her to come to our Sunday-school. So one day Sherin went, and found it altogether wonderful.

It was wonderful to her to learn that Christ Jesus was so kind and gracious to everybody, even to women. Mohammed had not been that way, at all. I told last week that when he started his new religion he said that women were so totally different from men that they ought to go around with their faces covered with a heavy veil, and that because they had no souls Allah could not care for them as much as for men. Perhaps you never thought of it before, but the Bible is full of beautiful stories about women to whom Jesus could al-

ways find time to talk. Like Mary and Martha, and the woman at the well, who gave Him a drink of water. Sherin listened with all her ears, and used to run home and tell her mother about the wonderful new God who was so kind to women, that it seemed too good to be true. Sherin's mother listened and said she wished she dared believe something as nice as that, but *nobody* liked women, and Sherin might just as well make up her mind to it now!

There was a tree in their town which everybody said was a "sacred tree." There are lots of "sacred trees" in Arabia, they call them *"manahil,"* and the Arabs firmly believe they are places where angels or *"jinn"* come down to earth, so no leaf from such a tree may be plucked, and they are honored with sacrifices of shreds of flesh, and made gay with bits of calico and beads, which every worshipper hangs at the shrine. Now it happened that one day a leaf had fallen from this sacred tree on the ground, and Achmed's little baby

brother who loved to crawl on the street, picked up the leaf and began to chew it!

Of course you and I know that a leaf from the street would probably be so dusty and dirty that it might make anybody sick who ate it; but the Arabs never heard of *germs,* so when the baby began to sneeze and cough, and grow quite sick, Achmed told his mother how the baby had chewed a leaf from the sacred tree.

You never saw anyone as scared as she was! She tried everything she could think of to make the poor baby well. Oh, such queer things! At night she put seven flat loaves of bread under his pillow, and the next morning she threw them out for the dogs to eat up! She hoped that the baby's sickness would go into the loaves of bread—but the poor little fellow was worse than ever! So then Achmed copied a verse from the Koran on a tiny scrap of paper, and his mother made the baby *chew up the paper* and *swallow it,* thinking surely a verse from the sacred

Koran would make the sickness run away. But it did no good at all, and the baby was not a bit interested in chewing the paper, poor dear! So then his mother did the worst thing of all, she took a very hot iron and burned a place on the baby's shoulder, since everyone in Arabia thinks that will cure any sickness! But the baby only screamed and coughed worse than ever, and everyone saw he was getting sicker.

Just then Sherin came home from our school where she was going every day now. When she saw the baby, she said: "I know just the thing to do! There is a Christian doctor here, and my missionary was telling me sick people go there and she cures them. Let's put the baby on the donkey and go to see her." So the mother put the baby on the donkey, and away she hurried, although Achmed took time to hang some blue beads around the donkey's neck to bring good luck!

There were a great many Arab women waiting outside the dispensary

where the doctor was busy, and one of our missionaries was taking their picture when Achmed and his mother arrived. You can see from your take-home card how gloomy the women look in their black dresses and veils.

The doctor asked Achmed's mother a few questions about the baby. You ought to have seen the queer look in her eyes when the mother said she had put seven loaves of bread under the baby's head! She even could look amused about the Koran verse on the piece of paper, but oh, *how* she did scowl when she heard about the hot iron! She was so glad, however, that she knew the right way to make baby well, and in all Arabia no mother was as happy as this one was when the doctor said in three days the baby would be all right—IF! If what? If she did exactly what she was told to do. Achmed's mother promised gladly, and took the precious medicine bottle home. Sure enough the baby got well, and that was the reason why the whole family were rather willing to

hear more about Christianity. A Bible woman came to the house quite often, and one day when she read them about the woman at the well, Achmed's mother said: "I am thirsty, too! I want to have your Jesus, I can see just how He is the Water of Life. No one has ever troubled to like me before, but I really think maybe even an Arab woman can be happy!"

Then the Bible woman who was an Arab herself, smiled the happiest kind of a smile, and it wasn't so many months later when smiles and happiness became the rule of the day in the flat-roofed house where Sherin and Achmed and the baby lived. Five times a day they heard the muezzin call to prayer up in the tower of the mosque, but they did not kneel or pray, for they knew Mohammed had been only a selfish cruel teacher, but that Jesus was God, and the Water of Life to thirsty souls.

THIRTY-FOURTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Water of Life"

A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT

1. Oasis and desert—what do these words mean? And what in a desert is there to be seen?

Ans. .....

2. What is a "harem," and who lives in there? And why can't they walk out to get the fresh air?

Ans. .....

3. What do our missionaries teach them to do that changes entirely that point-of-view?

Ans. .....

THIRTY-FOURTH STORY

"A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT"

ALMOST all of us have friends who have gone away this month, some of them are camping in the mountains, some are at the seashore, some in a big boat, some in an automobile. But you mustn't let them think that stay-at-home people don't take trips, too, for to-day I am going to pretend to take you on a long trip across a desert in Arabia. The desert is seven thousand miles long and seven thousand miles wide, and as you know a desert is a big bare piece of land covered with hot yellow sand, where nothing can grow, because there is no water.

We will have to go on the back of a camel. He will fold his legs under him as he kneels down so we can scramble on his back, then he unfolds and rises way up in the air! We may feel a lit-

tle dizzy and wobbly at first, but he goes walking calmly off. One by one we will all fall in line, forming a caravan of little Christian Church boys and girls on their way to visit our very own missionaries over there.

Day after day after day we will go over the sand, and you will be hot, and thirsty, and oh! so tired of sand! Then off in the distance we will see two palm trees, and I will call: "Hurrah! there is an oasis!"

If you never heard of one before you will say: "And what is an oasis, I wonder." Before long you will see that it is a few palm trees and green grass growing around a delicious little spring. "Oh, *isn't* this nice!" we all say, as we sit in the shade of the palms, and drink the cool water. "How dreary and dull the desert is!"

It often seems to me that people's lives in Arabia are exactly like the deserts—so dull and dreary and unending,—just monotonous, cheerless lives! To unhappy people like that our church

is like an oasis, where thirsty people find Jesus, and learn that He is the Water of Life.

Just think what a dreadful thing it would be to wear a heavy black veil over one's face out on the street, the way Achmed's mother had to do! But think how much worse it would be if you were in a richer family where women did not have to go to the well for water every day but stayed cooped up indoors behind lattice windows with nothing to do but gossip, and smoke cigarettes, and gossip some more. This part of the house where the women have to live is called the "harem," and a drearier duller kind of life you never knew. It really is like a desert!

But when our Mrs. Missionary goes into the harem with her Bible and her Sunday-school pictures of Bible stories, the lazy women crowd around her eagerly. She tells them story after story about Jesus.

"We can hardly believe all you tell us!" they say. "Do you mean He ac-

tually lets women come to His heaven when they die? That He loves them exactly as well as He loves men?"

Our missionary knows what is in their minds: She knows they are remembering about Mohammed, and how when he started his religion, he had no use for women at all, how he ordered that they should wear veils over their faces outdoors, and should be kept locked up indoors as much as possible. When they hear about Jesus, it sounds too good to be true!

Our Mrs. Missionary or our Miss Missionary hardly ever find any of these shut-in women who can read, so they start classes for them, so they can begin learning their A B C's. Sometimes there will be little girls of six or seven years old beginning to learn with great grown-up mothers and aunts and cousins. Perhaps you can guess that one of the first books our missionaries have them read is the Bible, and it certainly does make one bright beautiful spot in their lives to have these short

hours once a week with someone from outside.

We have hospitals in Arabia, too, perfectly splendid ones, where these shut-in women can go and be cured, and there, too, they learn about Jesus. Women who are shut indoors all their lives can't keep well, of course; God made us all to need fresh air in our lungs, and he made our bones and muscles for exercise! So it is no wonder there is a great deal of sickness. I have told you already some of the silly ways they have of trying to cure sickness, so our hospitals are a perfect blessing to rich and poor alike.

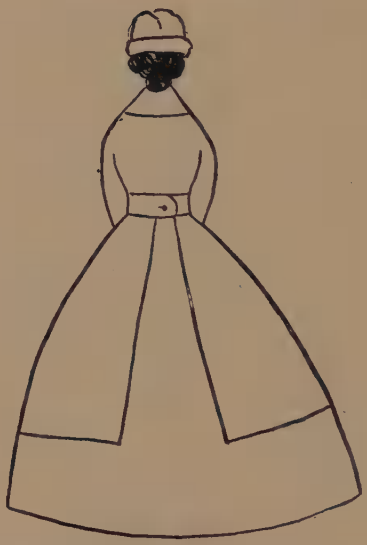
I wish our camels could take us to all our churches and hospitals and schools in Arabia, but we can't spare the time—it would take weeks to get from place to place! But you have no idea how many women in black dresses and black veils we would see—some of them happier because in their dull dreary lives our missionaries have made a little oasis of pleasant friendliness,

where they can learn about Jesus, the Water of Life, who satisfies every thirsty soul, and never notices who it is that asks Him, so that He can say "yes" to the men, and "no! no!" to the women. "Come unto me!" He says to them all; and I am *so* glad, aren't you?

THIRTY-FIFTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Great Physician"

PAINS AND PILLS, AND A CURE THAT KILLS



1. What three dreadful things do they use when your're ill in China; one pricks; one burns; one's a pill?

Ans. .....

2. In India tell how they shake you and shout to make all the bad evil spirits run out.

Ans. .....

3. Tell of the African witch doctor's trick to find out which person bewitched the sick?

Ans. .....

4. Why does an Indian medicine-man do all the dancing and shouting he can?

Ans. .....

THIRTY-FIFTH STORY

"PAINS AND PILLS, AND A CURE THAT KILLS"

ONCE upon a time, long, long years ago, when Jesus was here among men, people used to bring their sick friends to Him at sunset time, so that He could lay His hands on them to heal them. And because He could always do for people just what most needed to be done, He has earned the beautiful name of "The Great Physician."

Of course you know who it is that needs a physician don't you? Jesus Himself said: "They that are well have no need for a physician, but they that are sick," and ever since those days when Jesus was here among men, His followers have felt that they, too, must help make sick people well.

I have a very strange thing to tell you, although you really have learned

it from some of the stories we have had so far: that only in countries where most of the people are Christians do sick people receive the proper care. Even girls and boys know a good deal about themselves and what is the matter with them.

Just let's suppose you had eaten three green apples and felt dreadful pains in your stomach. You would tell mother, and probably she has just the very medicine you need right in the house. But if she hasn't, it really doesn't matter, because, of course, there is a doctor in your town, isn't there? Or a drug store where you can buy the very pill to make you well again.

But just suppose there was no one anywhere who knew what to give you to make you well! No doctor for hundreds and hundreds of miles, and your mother wouldn't know how to help you, nor your grandmother, nor anybody else in the whole town!

Just suppose you were a Chinese boy with a pain like that. Then your little

Chinese mother would hobble around on her tiny bound feet crying: "Alas! Alas! he has *a little dragon inside him!*" She would try making a big noise to scare away the dragon, but you would double all up in pain and look so very pale that she would send at once for the most dreadful old Chinese doctor, who really wouldn't do you a bit of good, because he would be a perfect old *"Ignoramus!"* But in he would waddle in his long blue coat, wearing, a huge pair of horn spectacles and looking wondrous wise, for had he not studied medicine from dusty old books *two* or *three thousand years old?* He would look wiser than ever as he would say: "He has an evil spirit inside him!" Then he would bring a dreadful, long, sharp needle from his bag and run it into your stomach—prick-prick—*to let the pain out!* Oh! how you would squeal! Then when you would seem no better he would heat an iron until it was very hot to burn you! When that did no good, he would suggest giving you some

pills made of a bird's claw, a dried grasshopper, three legs from a centipede, a snake's tongue, a little tiger bone scraped to a powder and a tiny piece of your grandmother's finger nail! He would look very solemn and promise that these pills will scare away the little dragon! Of course if it really was a dragon inside you, instead of those three green apples, I think the dragon would have been dreadfully scared long before this! I really think the Chinese boys and girls need good Christian doctors, don't you?

Or if you were sick in India it would be just as bad. No one would really know what was the matter. "Evil spirits!" they would say! They would beat on drums to scare the spirits away, and they would shake you to let the evil spirits be *jounced* out, but of course what you really need is a quiet room with some fresh air in it, and someone to fan away the horrid flies that walk all over your poor hot face and your weak little arms. I feel that the Hindu

boys and girls in India need good Christian doctors, too, don't you?

I have already told you about what happens to sick people in Africa, how a charm is about the only medicine they use—just a queer bundle of feathers or a stone hung around the neck. I told you, too, how the Witch Doctor prances madly around, foaming at the mouth, until he picks out the unlucky person whom he says bewitched the sick patient. And the unlucky person has to take sass-wood poison to prove whether he or she is really guilty or not! So the boys and girls in Africa need good Christian doctors, too.

Right here in America, the red American Indians have almost as dreadful a doctor, who of course is really no doctor at all. They call him a medicine-man. He is a dreadful sight, painted up to look wild and fierce, with horns on his head and a snake skin around his waist. All he does is to dance round and round the sick person, humming a sing-song chant, and rattling a noisy

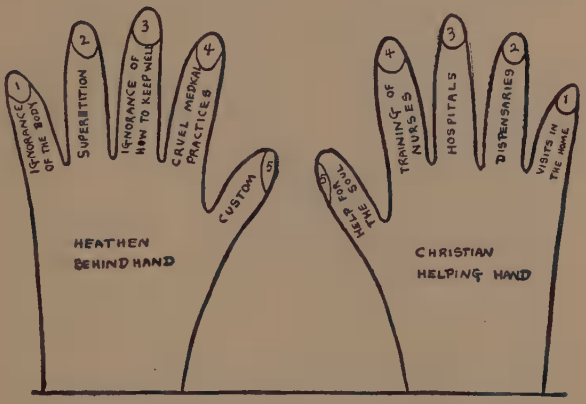
rattle. He may give some horrid tasting medicine, or hang a charm around the patient's neck, then he dances out again. The little red Indians certainly need good Christian doctors.

And in Arabia they need doctors, as I am sure you remember. So I think it is a very beautiful thing, that God has put it into the hearts of a few good Christian doctors in America to cross the ocean to help cure our little yellow, and brown, and black brothers. If only there were more of these good Christian doctors, there would be less of "Pains and Pills, and a Cure that Kills!"

THIRTY-SIXTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Great Physician"

THE STORY OF TWO HANDS



Explain please more fully the tale of these hands and finger by finger write of sick in all lands:

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

THIRTY-SIXTH STORY

"THE STORY OF TWO HANDS"

Last Sunday we had stories about being sick in some of the heathen countries where the people do not know about Jesus, so to-day I want to tell you the same thing in a somewhat different way, calling it the "Story of the Two Hands," which you have on your cards.

You will notice that the left hand is marked "BEHINDHAND"; when you get home I want you to color it *brown,* to show it belongs to some of our brown, yellow, red and black brothers and sisters. Each finger on that hand stands for something I want to tell you, so let's begin by putting the little finger of our own left hands on the little finger of this "BEHINDHAND." Are you ready? This little finger is labelled *"Ignorance of the Body."* For the heathen fathers

and mothers of our little red, yellow, brown and black brothers and sisters certainly do believe queer things about the body. You and I know ever and ever so much more about the body than they do. For instance in China they think there are five tubes leading from the mouth to the stomach—rice goes down one tube, soup down another, meat down another, vegetables down another; but when *rice* goes down the tube where only *soup* should go, then the person is ill! Of course, it's not true at all, but it's no worse than the people in India believe about the pulses that beat in our wrists or the blue veins that we see there. I just couldn't tell you all these particular things they believe until our Christian doctors teach them better.

Now lay your next finger on the finger labelled *"Superstition."* You already know all about this, although maybe you do not know that the big word "superstition" only means fear of evil spirits, charms, dread of idols, etc. If the

heathen were not afraid of something all the time they would not need charms or incense to burn before the idols. In Japan there is an idol called "Bind-zuru" which is worn smooth and black by the thousands of sick people who have a pain somewhere and think they will be cured by rubbing the same place on the idol.

Next put your finger on the finger marked *"Ignorance of How to Keep Well."* Grown-up people in America call this *Hygiene,* but even you girls and boys know more about it than all the heathen mothers and fathers put together! For instance, you know that cleaning your teeth and taking a bath everyday keeps your bodies well; you know that you ought to drink pure water only—yet in India a mother will go to a river where all kinds of people are bathing and washing their clothes and fill her water-jar with drinking water for the family! Indeed she does! That is one reason why there are so many sick people in India. You know,

too, that fresh air and clean houses help you to keep well, that flies and mosquitoes carry disease germs on their legs, which is the reason why we have sticky fly paper, and screens at our windows. But in India a person would not dare kill a fly, because they believe the spirit of some dead person has been born again into a fly. You know that milk is the thing for babies, but in heathen lands babies eat cucumbers, pickles, tea, nuts, and all kinds of chunky lumpy things that make them sick. "How to Keep Well" is hard enough here in America where we know the rules, so do you wonder people in heathen lands are sick so much?

Let us next put our fingers on the fourth finger of the "Heathen Behindhand," which is marked *"Cruel Medical Practices."* Last Sunday I told you all about them: "Pains and Pills, and a Cure that Kills."

I am sure you haven't forgotten the long sharp needle, the hot iron, the beating of drums, or the useless charm

hung around the neck of the sick person, have you? So we can lay our thumbs on the thumb of the "Heathen Behindhand" which is marked *"Custom."*

I wonder if you know how much a thumb means to the rest of our fingers! it really rules them all! In just the same way Custom rules all the fingers of the "Heathen Behind." When our wise doctor missionaries say: "Do not give the baby tea and cucumbers to eat," the mother says: "Oh that will not hurt him any, we always give babies such things here!" For custom is what people have kept doing for so long a time that it seems the only right thing to do. But, of course, it isn't right, just for that reason, at all!

So now we come to the right hand marked "Christian Helping Hand." This hand must be left *white,* because it stands for our doctor missionaries who have given their hands and their lives to curing the sick persons all over the world. Each finger tells what their

hands do for Jesus, day by day. Suppose we tick off the fingers, as we did before: The first finger, labelled *"Visits in the Home,"* shows how our doctor Missionaries go into the dirty little huts, where the sick people lie. They chase away the noisy neighbors beating drums, they fan away the sticky flies, they make evrything quiet in the little hut and give good medicine so that the sick person becomes well. The second finger, labelled *"Dispensaries,"* tells how our doctor missionaries have offices where people can come to be examined and get medicine; while the third finger, labelled *"Hospitals,"* tells how the people too sick to walk around can stay in our Hospitals until they are well, in fresh white beds, with kind nurses to care for them. The fourth finger, labelled *"Training of Nurses,"* tells how our missionary doctors teach dirty heathen girls to become clean, orderly, and oh! such kind nurses! I think they make such good nurses, because they love Jesus, and they enjoy

doing what He did when He was here among men, and cured the sick.

But the *thumb* of this "Christian Helping Hand" rules all the fingers, for it is *"Help for the soul."* Souls get sick just as bodies do, that is what makes people feel lonely and forlorn, hopeless and unhappy. So our doctor Missionaries have Bible women to talk to every single one of their patients, to tell stories of Jesus, the Great Physician. The patients in the hospitals have to lie still day after day, so they have plenty of time to think about all the stories they hear, and it is not surprising that so many of them come to love Jesus, in whose name they have been made well.

I almost think that the medicine bottle in the hand of one our Missionary doctors can open the doors of more heathen homes than any other key in the whole world!

THIRTY-SEVENTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Great Physician"

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE TELEPHONE BOOK

1. If you will very carefully look, you can find all these facts in your telephone book:

(1). There are———doctors in this town.
(2). There are———nurses in this town.
(3). There are———hospitals in this town.
(4). There are———drug stores in this town.
(5). There———dentists in this town.

2. Then write down what you really decide after these figures below you divide:

IN THE UNITED STATES THERE ARE
225,000 Doctors for 90,000,000 persons.
1 Doctor for every————persons.
IN THE ENTIRE HEATHEN WORLD THERE ARE
800 Doctors for 1,000,000,000 persons.
1 Doctor for every————persons.

3. I really think this is a———division, because
.....
.....

THIRTY-SEVENTH STORY

"THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO THE TELEPHONE BOOK"

For several Sundays we have had stories about how badly sick people in heathen lands need good Christian doctors—I am sure you have not yet forgotten about the long sharp needle, or the red hot iron, or the beating of drums, or the silly bundle-charms or any of the other cruel things done to cure sick people in such countries.

But the trouble is that even after our church sends all it missionary doctors, and Presbyterians send their missionary doctors, and the Methodists send theirs, and the Baptists send theirs, even then there don't begin to be enough Christian doctors to go around! Here is an arithmetic lesson in long division,

which I have worked out for you: [Write on the blackboard.]

IN THE UNITED STATES THERE ARE

225,000 doctors for 90,000,000 persons

1 doctor for every 400 persons

IN HEATHEN LANDS THERE ARE

800 Christian doctors for 1,000,000,000 persons

1 Christian doctor for every 1,250,000 persons

You can just see how impossible it is for one doctor to take care of 1,250,000 persons, even if *only* half of them were sick at once!

To-day I am going to tell you the true story of a Chinese son whose poor old mother had something so dreadful the matter with her eyes that she was sick all over. The son called in the village doctor, who really was not a doctor at

all, as you will remember from last Sunday, but he certainly could *look* wise and solemn and important. He strutted in, and looked at the old lady through his big horn glasses, then *what* do you suppose he put in her sore eyes? You will *never guess—ground glass!* That means glass that has been mashed to a powder, but all the little grains hurt and stung the poor old lady so that she could not see at all, and was more sick than ever.

The nice son was very much worried, and did not know what else to try, until one day he heard of a hospital two hundred miles away where people called Christians cured the sick. He decided the best thing for him to do was to take his mother there. But of course she was not well enough to walk so far, besides her feet were useless "golden lilies"; and he was too poor to hire a sedan-chair and coolies to carry her, so he just put her into a *wheelbarrow,* with a big bundle of clothing and rice, and away he started for the hospital.

Everybody in his village wagged their heads and said: "Go slowly! Go slowly! You will surely kill the old lady. Your honorable mother will soon depart to her ancestors!"

But he trundled her away and tried not to feel at all worried. Then he wheeled her into a strange village where everyone turned out of their houses to see the unusual sight of a strong man wheeling his old mother in a wheelbarrow.

"What are you doing with the aged one?" they asked curiously.

"I am taking her to the Christian's hospital, two hundred miles away, to get her new eyes," he answered.

"Was there ever such devotion on the part of a son?" everybody said, although they all wagged their heads, and said she would surely never live to get there, oh no!

In every single village people said the very same thing, and tried to discourage him from taking such a long hard journey. For of course you can imagine

how hard and tiresome it was to push the heavy wheelbarrow over the rough roads day after day. At night they would stop at some dirty little inn, and there, too, people would praise him for his care of the old lady, but warn him he was surely killing her! They told him his own household gods would be angry at him for not trusting his mother to their care to heal her eyes, and they warned him also against all sorts of new evil spirits who lived in far away villages, who would love to torment him. I think myself he was a perfectly splendid son, for every morning he started off again pushing his poor sick mother, in spite of all the wagging heads and the fact that everyone said he must be crazy!

But one day he actually reached the Hospital, where a Missionary doctor and a Chinese nurse carried the old lady inside and put her to bed. In a few days she was rested enough for the doctor to examine her eyes, and he found he could operate and save her eyes. So

he did operate, and for two wonderful months she lay in that neat white hospital with fresh bandages over her eyes. You already know what happened: how the nice son would call everyday to pay his respects, how every single day they would hear the story of Jesus' wonderful name from the Bible woman, and hear Christian hymns sung, and see how happy and useful and tender the Chinese Christian nurses were. Two months is a long time to be in one place and see such beautiful things every day, so before the son put his mother into the wheelbarrow again to push her the two hundred miles home, they were both Christians themselves! The son said to the missionary doctor: "Give me some Bibles and leaflets so that on my way home I can tell everyone about Jesus."

Then off he started.

In the first village people rushed out: "Oh! here is that devoted son who was carrying his old mother to the Christian's hospital. And I do declare, the

old lady can actually see! How happy they both look!"

Then, of course, he would stay long enough so she could tell about the operation, and so he could tell about Jesus, and leave a Bible and some leaflets to the man who seemed most interested. The same thing happened in every village, so that he left behind him a trail of curious people reading his leaflets and talking about this Jesus in whose name doctors gave medicine that really cured the sick.

Of course, in his own home village, the excitement was greatest! The people never got tired hearing him tell about the hospital, the missionaries, the wonderful Jesus; sometimes when the neighbors could not quite understand all he said, they would look over at the happy old lady who had been blind, but could now see, and they would say: "If the Christian's doctoring is good, their doctrine must be good, too." So, one by one, people in that village became Christians.

But everybody in China cannot be trundled to far away hospitals in wheelbarrows; I wonder if you ever thought that because we have seen drug stores, and doctors, and nurses, and dentists, that we owe something to the people who get just as sick as we do? When you go home, look up the questions on your card in the telephone book, and you will be surprised to see how much more we Christians have than we really need.

Jesus is: "The Great Physician"

THREE KNOCKS IN THE NIGHT

HIGH CASTE PATIENTS AT SCHELL HOSPITAL
WITH DR. IDA SCUDDER

1. Tell what happens at each of the knocks the minute Miss Scudder her door unlocks?

Ans. .....

2. Tell why Miss Scudder decided that she should put after her name the initials M. D.?

Ans. .....

.....

3. Tell how she spends one day of each week, and about all the people who medicine seek.

Ans. .....

THIRTY-EIGHTH STORY

"THREE KNOCKS IN THE NIGHT"

HERE is another true story about which I have just read. Once there was a young girl named Ida Scudder, who went to school here in America, while her father and mother lived in India, but she always said: "I'm never going to live in India, though, there are quite enough Scudders there now!" Because, you know, her father was one of our very own doctor missionaries, and her grandfather was another one of our missionaries, and lots of aunts and uncles and cousins. She thought there were quite enough without her.

But after she graduated from college her father sent her a cablegram saying her mother was very ill and wanted her to come out to India at once. Then all her friends said: "Oh Ida, we just

know you will stay over there and be a missionary!"

"Oh no, I won't!" she said, "I'm only going to visit mother, then I shall come back."

So off she went. But late one night after she got to India, a knock sounded on their front door. She opened it, and there stood a man breathing very hard because he had run a long way. "O doctor sahib!" he panted, "come at once to see my poor little wife, she is very sick, I fear she will die, she needs your care at once."

"I am not a doctor," said Miss Ida Scudder sadly, "but my father is a doctor and he will gladly come to see your wife."

"No! Never!" said the man, "no man has ever seen my wife's face, I would rather have her die than disgrace myself that way. I had heard that you were a doctor!"

"I am sorry!" said Miss Scudder, as the man walked slowly away, looking very much discouraged. She sat down

and began to think how terrible it was that the men in India had such an absurd custom that a *man* could not see their wives. Then there was another knock, and another man stood there, worried and hurried: "Mem Sahib," he said salaaming, "you are a heaven-born doctor, come and cure my wife—evil spirits have entered her, which only you can help."

"But I am not a doctor!" said Miss Scudder. "I will send my father to your house, though, he is a doctor."

"That can never be!" said the poor husband, "for no strange man has ever looked at my wife." So he walked away slowly, very unhappy indeed.

You can just imagine how Miss Scudder felt as she thought of the *two* poor little wives. Then there came a third knock, and the very same thing happened: another husband needed her at once for *his* wife, and no man-doctor would do!

So that very night Miss Ida Scudder decided that God certainly needed her

as a missionary doctor in India. She came back to America to study hard, then she went back to India to become the *Doctor* Ida Scudder whom hundreds and hundreds of women and girls, in India to-day, love.

She lives in a city called Vellore, where you and I have a beautiful hospital called, "The Mary Taber Schell Hospital for Women." You never knew any one lady so beautifully busy from morning till night. It would be like playing "Tag" to keep track of her all day, but I thought it would be fun to-day to tell you how they say she spends her *Wednesdays!*

Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays she is in our hospital, seeing hundreds of patients, prescribing medicine for them, operating on them, visiting in their homes, but bright and early on *Wednesday* mornings she gets up very early. By six-thirty she is in an automobile which some kind American lady gave her. There is really hardly room for her and

her assistant, because the auto is so full of boxes of medicine, big bottles, little bottles, all sorts of instruments, and the other things doctors need. They rush along the road for about six miles, when they come to a big crowd of fifty women, who seem to be waiting for her! So she pretends that a tree is her office, and begins asking the patients questions and prescribing them medicines. Even the chauffeur helps, for he can rub in ointments and tell a patient how to take her powders. You see, they never had a doctor before, so they have to be told everything: "This is the way you open the paper; this is the way you swallow the powder; this is the way you throw away the paper. No! no! don't swallow the *paper!* Throw it away! No! no! don't take *all* the medicine *at once,* it won't do you any good that way. Yes, I know it's easier to swallow all the pills and have it over with, but you won't get well unless you do as the doctor says!" Etc.! Etc.!

Sometimes the patients get very much

provoked when the doctor says they mustn't expect to get well right away. One old woman who had a disease she had had *twenty years* wanted the doctor to cure her in *two days!*

Dr. Scudder next rushes along the road in her auto to the next stopping place where there is another crowd of fifty women, and about a *hundred* and *fifty* curious neighbors looking on! After she gives medicine to them, she rushes on to two more stopping places, with crowds of people waiting for her everywhere. She has a hurried luncheon, then starts back, and all along the road are more crowds of sick people. In the morning the people who live on one side of the road gather to be cured; in the afternoon, on her way back, the people on the other side of the road gather.

It is eight o'clock and quite dark by the time she gets back home to Vellore! You can't imagine how tired she is, for during her ride of forty-six miles she has treated three hundred patients.

And they say she does it every Wednesday!

I think it is very wonderful what our very own Dr. Scudder can do for Jesus, who when He was here among men was known as the Greatest Physician of all!

THIRTY-NINTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Great Physician"

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL BECAME

1. Why did the mother think 'twould do good if she hid in the ground some nice Burman food?

Ans. .....

2. What did the mother say cats and dogs were? And what may they mean by each bark and each purr?

Ans. .....

3. What kind of scholar did Mah Bin make? And how many scholarships did she take?

Ans. .....

4. Where did she go to study to be a doctor of very highest degree?

Ans. .....

THIRTY-NINTH STORY

"WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL BECAME"

ALL the good Christian doctors in the world are not *American* doctors, although we get in the habit of thinking they are, so to-day I thought I would tell you the true story of a little Burman girl named Mah Bin.

To begin with, she was just about the dirtiest little girl in the dirtiest little village up in the hills of Burma that you ever heard of. She positively never combed her black hair, nor took a bath, and she chewed a horrid betel nut which made her white teeth red and black and dreadful-looking.

The bamboo hut she lived in was built way up in the air on stilts, to keep the floor of the house from getting damp when the rainy season should come. Of course, it kept the snakes out, too!

One day as Mah Bin was running

along the village road, a dog followed her. She kept on running and looking over her shoulder at the dog, when suddenly she stumbled and fell, skinning her knee quite badly. She went limping home, and climbed up the ladder to her home on stilts. Her mother did nothing at all to make the bleeding knee feel better, but she hurried away to the spot where Mah Bin had fallen, carrying a tray of rice and decayed fish, which the Burmans love to eat. She dug a hole in the ground with a stick, and buried all the food. Along came a missionary and asked her what she was doing. So she told how in the ground there lived an evil spirit (called a *nat* in Burma) who was evidently angry at her little girl, and had made her fall down. The mother went on to explain that the dog who had been following her daughter was doubtless a *relative!* You see, the Burmans believe that when a person dies he may be born over again as a cat or a dog, and such an animal would naturally want to follow his hu-

man relatives around! That is the reason why the Burmans never dare to eat meat, for fear they might be eating an uncle or an aunt or a cousin!

Because the missionary knew how untrue all this was, she had started a little school in this village, and invited Mah Bin to come with the others. There were no chairs and no desks. The pupils were terribly dirty and stupid, but letter by letter, and word by word, they began learning things. Mah Bin had quite waked up, she tried to be just exactly like the missionary, and became the star of the class.

"I do so want to learn more!" she said when she was through that school. So the missionary sent her away to a fine Mission Boarding School. You would not have known her at that school as the same dirty stupid village girl who had never combed her hair. She was now the prettiest loveliest girl, with her smooth black hair coiled on top of her head and a pretty pink flower tucked in it. She wore a pale blue skirt, oh very

very tight around her, a spotless little white jacket and a pale pink scarf floating around her shoulders. She was the brightest girl in boarding school, and when she graduated she said she did so much want to go to *college*. Only boys went to college in Burma, in those days, so they said, of course, it would not be proper for her to go,—unless, perhaps with a chaperone!

"Then *please* get me a chaperone!" she begged, "I know I can go through our Mission College, if boys can!"

Some of the missionaries promised to chaperone her, then, seeing how very much in earnest she was. It must have been rather hard for them to get time to do it, too, for every day, when she went to the men's college, a missionary lady sat beside her!

Mah Bin was so very bright in college that when she graduated she won what is called a scholarship. No woman had ever won it before! It meant she could have a chance to study some more, and, of course, was a very high honor.

There was a big wish down in her heart to be a doctor, so she could help the sick women and girls in Burma. Perhaps she remembered some of the foolish useless Burman customs, like the silly food her mother had buried in the earth for the evil spirit to eat, the time she fell down, years before. Mah Bin knew better now, for she was a Christian to whom Jesus meant everything in the world. She loved to read about Him, the Great Physician, who at sunset time had cured the sick, made the lame people walk and the blind people see. Mah Bin said to herself: "Perhaps if I were only a doctor I could be a little bit like Jesus."

So she took her scholarship money and crossed from Burma to India, where she spent four years studying medicine in a college at Calcutta. It was terribly hard work, day after day. But don't you just *love* it, that after four of these hard years, our little Mah Bin graduated the very highest in all her class, with another wonderful

scholarship of money to go to study some more in England.

So then she sailed miles and miles away to England and studied more about medicine. Great doctors there were interested in meeting this interesting young lady, who had once been such an impossibly dirty stupid little Burman girl. You would never know it now —for she knew everything there was to know about sitting on chairs, and traveling in trains, about knives and forks and spoons, about sleeping in beds and reading great fat books. After three years she went back to Burma. But instead of being puffed up with glory at having so many honors, she was the same dear simple Christian girl as before. She sat on the floor in the poorest little hut to cure the most unattractive kind of people.

They put her in charge of the large Lady Dufferin Hospital in Rangoon, a place of great honor and responsibility. This very day she is probably giving all her time to doing what Jesus did when

he was here among men—she heals the sick and opens the eyes of the blind and helps the lame to walk.

Don't you love it? Don't you love to know that the Greatest Physician of all has power to take any dirtiest little girl or boy, from some unknown village, tucked away in unknown hills anywhere in all His world, and make them over into useful men or women like Mah Bin?

FORTIETH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Vine"

HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

1. Here is Manorama—the name that means "Heart's Joy." Do you wonder she would rather have been a little boy?

Ans. .....

2. What is the name of her yards of silk dress? And what holds it on—can you possibly guess?

Ans. .....

3. Tell of her wedding and how she felt, as at her wedding feast she knelt..

Ans. .....

FORTIETH STORY

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

When Jesus was here among men, He said to His friends one day: "I am the vine, ye are the branches," then He went on to explain what he meant in these words: "He that abides in me, and I in him, can bring forth a great deal of fruit; *for without me you can do nothing.*" This is a very wonderful name of Jesus, and a very easy one to understand, for you can make a little picture of a vine and branches in your mind: here is the vine growing out of the soil, [make a motion from the ground up] here are the branches growing out from the vine. [Indicate.] If I cut away the vine, and just leave the branches, the poor branches die and never grow any fruit. Jesus meant that He was the vine and if we, the branches, cut ourselves off from Him,

we could not grow any fruit. This month I have some stories for you about some people in India, who never heard of Jesus, and are proving just what Jesus said.

In a certain mud hut in India there once lived a beautiful little brown girl called Manorama. On the day of our story a little white goat was skipping all around the house, but Manorama was nowhere to be seen, which was rather strange since he was exactly like "Mary's little lamb"—everywhere that Manorama went, he went too.

Inside the house was a crowd of women, fully nine or ten, who were looking at a beautiful piece of red silk, several yards long. They felt it and ran it through their fingers saying, "oh!" and "ah!" in all the ways there are of saying it! Then one of them said: "Why where is Manorama?" Another answered: "Here is her little white goat, just capered into the house, she must be somewhere near." Then her mother said: "There is no time to lose, for

there is the courtyard to be fixed and the feast prepared. One of you go and find her."

So quite an old woman began looking for Manorama, but as there was only one room in the house and no furniture to hide behind she decided Manorama must be at the village well, where the three palm trees grew. So she hurried there, and sure enough found Manorama listening to the crowd of women with big water jars on their heads telling stories. Not very nice stories, either. Manorama was tossing pebbles into the well, while she listened, when up rushed the old woman and grabbed her by the arm.

"Thou art wanted at home, Little Runaway!" she said, "Come thou with me at once, so we may dress thee up in a beautiful new red silk saree and fine jewels!"

Manorama jumped up gladly, and began skipping along faster than the old woman could walk.

"Thy words fall sweetly!" she

laughed, "Is it some feast of the gods I am to be dressed up for?"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the old woman, "That is a secret, Light of my Eyes! But thou wilt look very beautiful. Look out there—beware lest thy skirt touch that outcaste woman! Stop thy skipping, thou didst almost touch her—it would be very bad luck to-day if thou didst have to take the bath and the long ceremony of purification."

"Do not worry so!" laughed little Manorama. "Would I touch an outcaste? Of course not! Thou must let me skip because I am happy at thy words! Dear me, a *red silk saree!* Oh joy!"

The little white goat capered up just then, and Manorama whispered in his ear about the new saree, and he began skipping, too! But the front yard, which was only sand, was being marked in patterns by one of the women, she smoothed it all down then traced designs on it with a stick; so she soon put a stop to the capering of the goat and

Manorama, who hurried indoors to be dressed in the wonderful silk saree!

The saree was about six yards of straight unsewed goods, which was folded and draped around Manorama without using a button, or a buttonhole, or a pin!

"But won't it come undone and drop off?" you ask.

It comes very near doing that every ten minutes or so during the day, but all the little Hindu girls become quite handy in looping themselves tighter in their sarees, whenever they feel them slipping loose!

After the red silk saree was on Manorama, her mother clasped many glass bracelets on her arms and many gold rings on her fingers and some on her bare brown toes, too, since she never wore shoes or stockings. There were gold anklets around her ankles, necklaces around her neck, long floppy earrings in her ears, and funniest of all, a blue dangle hung from her nose! How she did tinkle and jingle as she said:

"My mother, thou art making me very beautiful—surely it must be for some feast to the gods?"

"No!" sighed her mother, "No, this is thy wedding day, thou wilt be married to-day to Ananta, a young man of our caste whom thy father has arranged matters with!"

Then all the sparkle went out of Manorama's eyes, and all the happiness left her skipping tinkling feet. "No! No!" she screamed, "I will not be married, I do not want a mother-in-law, I do not want to leave my little white goat and thee, my mother!" All the women standing around laughed a little sadly, as they said: "When we were her age, said we not those very words? Thou wilt get used to it soon."

But Manorama kept right on crying, and in walked her father. At the sight of his big white turban all the women bowed very low and said: "Salaam, O master!" But he grabbed Manorama by the arm and said: "Cease thy crying—the feasting has begun—art thou

a boy to say 'no, I will not,' or 'yes, I will?' The gods look with disgust on a woman's tears. Come."

And he dragged her out where a great many people were sitting on the ground with brass plates before them on which curry and rice were piled. It was a long feast, so long that poor little Manorama cried herself to sleep in the middle of it, where we will leave her until next week, poor little girl!

You see, she was only nine years old, and I think we all feel terribly sorry for her. *Manorama* means "Heart's Joy," but I'm afraid she does not fit her name—yet!

FORTY-FIRST STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Vine"

THE LITTLE GIRL WHOM NOBODY LOVED

1. Here is the "*Jutka*"—what does it mean? In the shafts what animals stand between?

Ans. .....

2. What is a "*zenana*"—who lives there, I mean? And who is it cannot inside be seen?

Ans. .....

3. When the husband got sick what did they do so the poor man even sicker grew?

Ans. .....

4. When finally he died, please state what they said, and why did they shave Manorama's nice head?

Ans. .....

FORTY-FIRST STORY

"THE LITTLE GIRL WHOM NOBODY LOVED"

LAST week you will remember that we left Manorama asleep at her very long wedding feast. To-day I am going to tell you some more of her story, for after the feast was over, her father picked her up, still sound asleep, and put her into a *"jutka,"* which is a bullock cart. The bullocks began their slow walking, the big wheels began their squeaky creaking, and the cart began bouncing her, but she was so tired out with crying that she slept through it all, until she woke up to find that the cart had stopped before quite a large house with a verandah, into which her father carried her. A servant followed with big bundles full of her new clothes and jewelry, which are called "dowry" and which helped persuade the new

mother-in-law to have her son marry Manorama.

Manorama had to salaam to this mother-in-law who looked her over carefully: "Yes! yes! quite a nice little girl!" she said, "and very fine jewels. I will make her into a good wife for my son!"

So then there was another long feast, after which Manorama's father salaamed, and got into the bullock cart to drive home.

Manorama knelt in the dust before him: "Oh my father," she begged, crying, "do take me back to my little white goat and to our gods, I shall die if I stay here with these strange people!"

Then the new mother-in-law laughed and said: "The words of Manorama are the same words I said when I was married when I was nine—we are all alike—she will be happier soon."

So Manorama's father rode away in the bullock cart, and lonely days followed for the little bride who was left behind. Her mother-in-law taught her

the ways of the household, but she only cried; her husband's sisters admired her new sarees and her fine jewelry, but she only cried; in fact she cried so much that they told her the gods would be angry with her. She saw very little of her new husband, because she was not correctly taught by his mother yet; then too, the women in a Hindu household live by themselves in a part of the house called the Zenana, and they are not allowed to leave it or go out on the street without the consent of the husband. So it was all very, very stupid for little Manorama,—no goat to love, no village well to visit, nobody but these cross new women who got mad at her for crying so much.

But about two weeks later something perfectly dreadful happened. Ananta, Manorama's husband, suddenly became very ill, he lay on the floor and moaned and groaned!

"It is evil spirits inside him!" his mother cried. She offered rice to the idols on the little shelf, then she called

in all her neighbors who beat on drums and tin pans all night long hoping to scare away the spirits! Of course, you and I know that what he needed was *quiet,* so he could *sleep,* so we are not surprised that by morning all this horrible noise had made him much worse.

So his mother called in a Hindu doctor, who wasn't what we would call a doctor, at all! He tried to look exceedingly wise, as he heated a piece of iron until it was red hot, then he laid it on the young man's arm saying it would *let the evil spirit out!* But, of course, it only made him worse than ever. Then they tried *shaking* the evil spirit out of him, until finally poor tired sick Ananta did the only thing that was left for him to do after all this dreadful treatment, he died, and although that was a great deal better for him in every way, it made everything very much worse for little Manorama.

"It is Manorama's fault!" everybody said. "You have killed your husband, you wicked girl!"

"No! no! I had nothing to do with him!" cried Manorama, but down in her heart she knew that every time a man in India dies it is somehow always the fault of his wife. She could not imagine what she had ever done to him to make him so sick, but in rushed his mother and tore off her lovely red saree and her green silk jacket; she jerked off her necklaces, bracelets, rings, anklets and ear-rings; she shaved off Manorama's lovely black glossy hair; then she kicked her roughly and gave her a dirty old white cotton saree to wear.

"There now, you worthless dust under my feet, go and hide yourself! You have killed my precious son, you terrible girl! Alas! Alas!"

All that night there was terrible weeping and wailing in the house, while poor little Manorama sat out-doors under a palm-tree and wondered how the moon could look so cheerful.

In the morning she crept to the village well for a drink of water, but she had no cup so she waited until a woman

came along. She timidly touched her arm: "I pray thee, give me a drink from thy water jar!"

You never saw anyone so furious as that woman! "How dare you touch me, you miserable scum of the earth!" she cried. "You vile outcaste! You despised widow! You have spoiled my morning for now I must take a bath and go through the ceremony of purification."

Then poor Manorama knew the worst —she knew that as long as she lived she must never touch anybody, or let her shadow fall on anybody, for she was an outcaste, whom nobody loved or wanted, a widow whom the gods hated.

"I will walk back to my old village and to my mother and my little white goat," she said to herself, "*they* will be glad to see me." So hungry and thirsty, she began the long weary walk back to the village of the Three Palm Trees, where we will leave her to-day.

FORTY-SECOND STORY

Jesus said: "I [redacted] the Vine"

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE HER

1. What did the mother say to her daughter, showing she really needn't have sought her?

Ans. .....

2. Tell of the pilgrimage the widows made and what kinds of offerings before idols they laid?

Ans. .....

3. What do you think of the priests and the cows before whom Manorama made very deep bows?

Ans. .....

4. Who was it finally who gave her some love and told her of Christ who loved her above?

Ans. .....

FORTY-SECOND STORY

"THE LITTLE GIRL WHO FOUND SOMEONE TO LOVE HER"

LAST week we left Manorama wearily walking back to her mother's village, because after her husband's death she found herself outcaste, with no friends at all. I hardly know how she managed to walk such a long distance, but finally she reached the Village of the Three Palm Trees and hurried as fast as she could to her own little house.

"My mother!" she called, "thy little Manorama has come home!"

Her mother rushed out in great surprise. "Manorama!" she exclaimed, and almost threw her arms around the little girl's neck, when she noticed her head with all the hair shaved off and her dirty old white saree. So she drew back and said: "Alas! Alas! where are thy jewels and thy lovely saree?"

"Oh my mother!" said little Mano-

rama, "the gods have taken away the husband my father chose for me, and I am a widow! My mother-in-law threw me out of her house, but I knew there was love for me in thy heart, so I have come home to be thy little slave, to fetch and carry for thee, to find peace, and play with my little white goat again."

But her mother shook her head sadly: "Thou wilt not find peace in this house, my daughter, for thy father will not have love in his heart when he sees thee in disgrace, an untouchable—an outcaste. Peace is a gift that only the gods can give, and it would not please them to see thee happily playing like a little unmarried girl. Sadness fills my heart to tell thee these cruel things."

Then Manorama understood that she was not welcome in her mother's home, either, and after her mother had given her food, she said: "My mother, I am only a little girl, and it will be well for me to find peace as soon as I can. If I make a pilgrimage, will that bring me peace?"

"Thou has spoken well!" said her mother. "An elderly widow from this village starts out on a pilgrimage tomorrow. Being an outcaste herself she will not mind having thee with her. I will give thee money and some jewels for the priests at the shrines. Now go and hide behind the zenana curtain, so thy father may not see thee. Hurry!"

So all night Manorama hid behind the curtain, and the next day her mother gave her some money and jewels, but *she did not touch her.* For she remembered Manorama was a widow! Then Manorama hurried off to find the grown-up widow, and together they started off on their pilgrimage, the little widow who was nine years old and the grown-up widow who was forty years old.

You have no idea of the endless things they did to get peace! On festival days when the priests led the sacred cows out of their stalls and led them through the streets covered by a great red parasol, Manorama would weave long garlands

of yellow marigolds and hang them around the cows' necks to gain merit with the gods, who are supposed to love the sacred cows. Or when they reached a sacred river in which people bathed to gain merit with the gods, Manorama also bathed, and sent a wreath of flowers floating down the river with a little prayer to the gods to give her peace. Once she crawled on her hands and knees for miles and miles to a sacred shrine, thinking this would surely please the idol, because her hands got sore and her saree got torn and dusty. She spent all her money in the temples, making offerings of incense to the idols, or of food. But whenever she or the other widow asked the priests about gaining peace, the priests would say: "The gods cannot give peace to a woman—but perhaps when you die you will be born again as a man, then you can gain peace."

But, of course, that seemed a very long way off, and they got very hopeless and forlorn. The priests ate the

offerings they made to the idols, and the idols themselves seemed so ugly and heartless and *wooden*—their faces so hard and cruel—their big hands so helpless. Poor little Manorama used to feel a *hundred years old,* she was so tired and hopeless!

I know you must be tired of this dreadful story, and will be glad to know that one evening, when they were far, far from home, they heard singing out under the stars. They hurried to it, and there by the light of some lanterns stood one of our very own missionaries telling the story of Jesus' wonderful name, how He is the vine and we are the branches, that only as we grow with Jesus and live with Jesus can we be happy, and *find peace!* How Manorama and the other widow did listen, as she explained about the little Prince of Peace, born on Christmas Day, who spent all His life giving peace to all who love Him. Every single word made these two widows happier and happier.

"Oh let us get down into this new Jesus religion," Manorama whispered, and after the meeting they crept up and asked question after question: "Was it true that this Jesus could give peace to women in this life?" "To *widows?*" "To outcastes whom nobody wants?"

Of course our missionary said "Yes!" "Yes!" to all these questions, and putting her arm around Manorama she said: "In Vellore where I live there is a school for little girls, I want you both to come back with me and learn to read more of this wonderful Jesus."

It seemed too good to be true to Manorama, to get two such friends in one day—Jesus, and our missionary. Before long they were in a bullock cart traveling on their way to Vellore, where we will see them again next week.

Jesus said: "I am the Vine"

TURNING THEIR BACKS ON EACH OTHER

1. How did she learn at our school so well how to write letters and how to spell?

Ans. .....

2. Can you write down the meaning of "Caste" and what it has always meant in the past?

Ans. .....

3. Why are they standing, back to back, each in her clean little, neat little sack?

Ans. .....

4. When school was over, where did Manorama go, and on what caste of people her kindness bestow?

Ans. .....

FORTY-THIRD STORY

"TURNING THEIR BACKS ON EACH OTHER"

Last Sunday I told you how our missionary became a friend to poor lonely little Manorama and the widow who went with her on their long pilgrimage to idol shrines, to find peace. Our missionary took both of them to Vellore with her, and Manorama began going to our school there.

She never had dreamed that girls *could* learn to read or write, she had supposed only boys could do such things, and she was so excited about every single thing in our school. Of course she had to begin at the very beginning, with the tiniest little girls who were learning to trace the alphabet in the sand which was spread out before them. Of course they sat on the floor, and they made the funny hooks and curves of

the Hindu alphabet with their fingers. Manorama just loved it. She wore a bright pink petticoat and jacket which our missionary had given her and she felt very happy and clean!

She was so quick that before long she promoted into a class of girls nearer her own age, but even in school Manorama had her troubles, because some of the girls did not dare touch her, because she was an outcaste widow, and, of course, her shadow was bound to fall on somebody occasionally, and the little brown girls complained to their mothers about "that widow girl Manorama." Then perhaps the mother told the father, and the father went to see our missionary about it. His big white turban bent very low as he salaamed: "Mem Sahib," he said, which is the Hindu way of saying "Lady," "my daughter sits on a bench in your school next to an outcaste, and my daughter's skirt touches the skirt of the untouchable, and the shadow of the little widow falls on my daughter? Should such

things be? I pray you have this objectionable outcaste removed or the gods will look with anger on us."

Our missionary knew just how to answer him—oh so calmly! Oh so politely! She promised that the skirt of his noble daughter shall not touch the skirt of the outcaste girl, but as for the shadows —God sends His sun on us all, because He loves us all alike. So she cannot remove Manorama from the school, since she is just as precious in the sight of God as his own noble daughter, etc., etc. He went away partly soothed and our missionary felt glad that many of the girls were Christians, and were treating Manorama beautifully.

The picture on your cards shows them in their arithmetic class, I am sure you are wondering why they are turning their backs on each other! It is not because they are mad, however, but because the girls in India, exactly like girls in America, get in the bad habit of copying from each other's slates! So as soon as the example has been

copied from the blackboard, our missionary orders the class to stand back to back, until they work out the problem.

Manorama went to that school for a great many years, until she had graduated from every class. You have no idea what a difference it made in her! Years and years before she graduated she became a Christian, and she knew how absurd it was to worship foolish wooden idols. She also knew how wrong caste is, and how much it hurts all the people in India. You see there are over two thousand castes, and a person from one caste will not touch a person from another caste, or marry into another caste. Then there are the outcastes, the widows and the people who live outside the villages and are called "dogs" and hated by everyone.

Manorama had the greatest love in her heart for all these people. "I was just as unhappy as they are!" she told our missionary, so I think it was natural for her to decide that when she gradu-

ated she would go back to her mother's Village of the Three Palm Trees and start a little school for outcaste children. Our missionary packed a blackboard, some books and other things she would need into the bullock cart which would carry her home.

The day she left our missionary called all the girls into her room and she read them this verse: "I am the vine, ye are the branches," and she told all the girls that unless they kept with Jesus through their vacation they could not do anything for Him! Manorama smiled: "He has done so much for me, I can never even begin to do enough for Him!"

A week later she was back in the dirty little village of the Three Palm Trees. She had not realized before how dirty and shabby everything looked after our clean mission school in Vellore. Her mother hardly knew this beautiful smiling grown-up daughter, who showed in her face how happy and peaceful she was!

Manorama spent day after day telling her about Jesus, explaining that He is the vine, and we are the branches. But Manorama's mother could not understand what "bearing fruit for Jesus" meant, until finally one day she saw that it was just what Manorama was doing herself when she started her little school under the palm trees, when no one was too dirty or rough for Manorama to love and clean up! She saw little widows chasing around after Manorama all day, poor starved little girls who never had enough to eat because no one loved them. She saw Manorama give them her own rice, and go hungry, so the little girls could be fed. She saw Manorama pray every evening to the unseen God, her face bright and happy. She heard Manorama's dear voice singing beautiful hymns about Jesus or telling wonderful stories about Jesus. Then one day something very sweet and peaceful came stealing into the heart of Manorama's mother—*the love of Jesus!* And then

she understood right away what it meant to bear fruit for Jesus, who is the vine, while she and Manorama were the branches.

"But there are so many who do not know this happiness!" she would say at the beginning of each busy day, and Manorama would answer: "Yes, my mother, hundreds and hundreds of little unhappy girl widows and hundreds and hundreds of grown-up people too! How wonderful it is Jesus lets us help him this way!" And somehow it always made Manorama's mother the happiest woman in all India, because she, too, could help Jesus that day.

FORTY-FOURTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Light of the World"

THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS

1. What do the Indians worship each day, and to whom address all the prayers that they say?

Ans. .....

2. What kind of a cradle had Laughs-at-the-sky? And where did his mother her papoose often tie?

Ans. .....

3. Now I am going to give you the chance to write down how Big Horn dressed up for the Dance.

.....

.....

FORTY-FOURTH STORY

"THE PEOPLE THAT WALKED IN DARKNESS"

ONCE when Jesus was here among men, He said to His friends: "I am the Light of the World," a name so beautiful and so easy to understand that it means a great deal to everybody. I wonder if you were ever lost in the dark? Perhaps in some dark room, where you simply could not see anything, or even find out by *feeling,* where you were? Probably you felt scared, and thought you could see the spooky eyes of all sorts of dreadful creatures looking at you? Your heart beat faster, and oh! how you did want a *light!* Sometimes people have been lost on dark roads, and they could hear all sorts of ghostly sounds around them, and they wanted a light, too, the worst kind of a way!

Jesus is just like that to the heathen world: all their lives the heathen have been afraid of evil spirits whom they cannot see, so they worship idols and burn incense—until they know Jesus! Then they *see!* They see that He is the Light of the World, that there is nothing to be afraid of, and they stop walking in darkness.

Right here in America there has always been a race of people with reddish-brown skins who have walked in darkness, because they did not know Jesus as the Light of the World. Perhaps you have guessed that I mean our American Indians. They were here in America years and years before any white people came, and when our Pilgrim forefathers landed on Plymouth Rock, on Thanksgiving Day in 1620, it was these same red-brown Indians who saw them land.

From the very first, the good Christian people tried to tell the Indians about Jesus, but as you may remember the Indians were not always friendly

to the white men, and often the white men were not fair to the red men, as Christians ought to be, so that to-day there are still thousands and thousands of our Red Indian neighbors who have never even heard the name of Jesus, but who walk in darkness, worshipping the sun, and fearing the spirits who they think live in the rocks and the trees, the water and the wind.

Every time I see the sheaves of yellow corn stalks out in the November fields, they remind me of an encampment of Indian tepees, so surely November is a good month for me to introduce you to "Smiling Sunset," a dear little Indian girl, and to "Big Horn" and "Laughs-at-the-sky," her brothers.

Smiling Sunset was born on a beautiful evening just as the sun was setting, so her goddess was the sunset woman, and she always faced west when she prayed to the spirit of the sun every evening. At the time our story begins she was about eleven years old, Big Horn was twelve, but Laughs-at-the-

sky was only a papoose, which is the Indian word for "baby." He was born early one morning before the moon and the stars had quite disappeared. Way out on the hills the papoose's father had heard a lonely coyote bay at the moon, so he chose the name "Laughs-at-the-sky" for his new baby. The Indian mother had the queerest cradle in the world for him. It was made of boards just a little bit longer than the baby itself. The mother, whose name was Small Ankle, laid the little papoose on the boards and tied him round and round with soft deer skins to the board, until his legs and arms and body were all covered, and nothing was left outside but his surprised little head! Sometimes all day long Small Ankle kept this queer cradle tied on her back, but other times she could hang him up on a tree branch while she worked in the corn fields near their tepee.

Bent Arrow, the children's father, was going to a very important Sun Dance, and the whole family were going

along. Big Horn was all dressed up for the fine occasion in his very best clothes. He wore a pair of trousers with long fringe hanging from the seams, soft trousers made of deerskins. His father had killed the deer, and his mother had stretched the skins out until they were dry and then rubbed them until they were soft, after which she sewed them into trousers for him. He wore a shirt with beads all over the front of it, which his mother had made, and she also made his leather moccasins, which are Indian shoes, you know. He wore a blanket with bright stripes around his shoulders, and an eagle's feather in his hair, which his father gave him for being brave.

Bent Arrow was dressed a great deal like his little son, with a blanket around his shoulders and leather trousers. He wore his hair woven into long braids which hung over his shoulders in front, and he had painted his face to make it look fiercer. He also had on a great many bead chains and big silver rings

and bracelets, because this Sun Dance was an unusually grand affair.

Smiling Sunset and her mother felt very proud as they sat in their wagon and watched Bent Arrow and Big Horn prancing along beside them on their wild ponies. Next Sunday I will tell you the dreadful things that happened at the great Sun Dance.

FORTY-FIFTH STORY

Jesus said: "I [redacted] the Light of the World"

THE SUN DANCE

1. Can you remember the circumstance which led Buffalo Chief to have a Sun Dance?

Ans. .....

2. What is a "medicine bundle," pray tell? And how can it ever make people well?

Ans. .....

3. How did they dance? And how long did it last? And why was poor Big Horn growing aghast?

Ans. .....

FORTY-FIFTH STORY

"THE INDIAN SUN DANCE"

"TUM! Tumety-tum-tum!" "Tum! Tum! Tumety-tum-tum!" "Tum! Tumety-tum-tum!"

I am sure you know right away that this must be the way the music for the big Sun Dance sounded, as the Indians beat on their big tom-toms this monotonous "tumety-tum-tum," hour after hour. Crowds and crowds of Indians in bright blankets had been riding all day long to the valley where the dance was to be held. Tepees were being put up for the families to live in during the four days and nights of the dance. You never saw such a dirty, untidy, disorderly camp—flies, dogs, dirt, children, more flies, more dogs, more dirt—everywhere!

There was one great open place where the dance had already begun and Bent

Arrow hurried over to take his part. Every Indian was very much dressed up in beaded clothes, with quantities of necklaces, and their faces hideously painted with bright red spots or long streaks of red and yellow. They sat on the ground in two long rows facing each other; on the posts behind them hung fur bags of various sizes about which I must take time to tell you, while the tom-tom is beating its weird "tumety-tum-tum!"

For those fur bags, decorated with beads, contained what the Indians call "medicine,"—not our kind of medicine to be swallowed when one is sick, but funny things like a bit of bone, or a stone, or a seed, or a feather, or a bird's claw, anything in fact which the Indians think will be a *charm,* or *medicine,* to keep evil spirits *away* from them, and good spirits *with* them! There were three or four "medicine-men" at the Dance, who had charms which seemed very wonderful to every Indian there. One medicine-man had two big white

grinning skulls as his "medicine," another medicine-man had the skeleton of a large eagle for his "medicine." Of course it all sounds very foolish to us, because we know so well that such things are really no good at all, but all those grown-up Indians in their feathers and paint and beads fully believed that the charms saved them from harm every day. So if grown-up persons believed in them, you can just imagine how impressed little Big Horn was, to see so many wonderful bags full of charms.

But the Sun Dance had begun: Tumety-tum-tum! Tum! Tum! Tumety-tum-tum! First of all, four of the Medicine Chiefs stood up together, keeping step with drums and rattles they danced down the length of the green grass and back again. Then one by one the men sitting crouched on the ground in two long rows got up and began to dance, too, swaying while they kept step, back and forth, for hours and hours at a time. Tumety-tum-tum!

I can just hear you saying: "But what in the world is it all about?"

Well, there was a man named Buffalo Chief, whose wife was very sick in the winter. He made a vow that if she got well he would give a dance in honor of the Sun, whom the Indians consider as the Life-giver. So she did get well, and he at once invited fourteen young men to come and dance four whole days with him in honor of the Sun, who had given life to his wife. Bent Arrow was one of these fourteen men!

I can't begin to tell you all the wicked things that happened during those four dreadful days when they kept dancing and dancing and dancing to the spirit of the sun. Some of the men got very drunk, they gambled away all the money they had, one man even gambled away his two daughters, and another got so wild he went running around with a great knife trying to kill somebody. Poor little Big Horn got very much frightened, and feared something dreadful might happen to his father before

long. But all the time the "Tum! Tumety-tum-tum!" kept up, and the tired men kept dancing, dancing, dancing in honor of the Sun.

I think you will be glad to hear that while the dancing had been going on, one lonely white man, way off on the hills, had heard the "Tum-tumety-tum-tum," even above the wail of the coyotes and the sighing of the wind! So he said to himself: "There is something for me to do for God over at that dance! The Indians will get wild, and there will be trouble."

So that is how one of our very own missionaries began riding over the plains by the light of the moon, until he reached the camp with its cluster of tepees and its noisy rough men. Next Sunday I am going to tell you what he did after he got to the dance.

FORTY-SIXTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Light of the World"

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

1. What two dreadful things happened next day, to cause Bent Arrow's family the greatest dismay?

Ans. .....

2. Could medicine-men mend his poor broken arm, or keep his sick body from coming to harm?

Ans. .....

3. How did our missionary prove most worth while, when daily he rode to them many a mile?

FORTY-SIXTH STORY

"THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS"

Last Sunday we had a rather heathenish story about the Sun Dance, which a certain Indian had vowed he would give to worship the Sun, if his wife got well. But the dance grew so savage, and the people watching the dance got so wild, that when our missionary arrived on the scene there were very few persons whose eyes were not stupid and bulging and glassy with weariness and drink.

Big Horn was not that way, but he was nearly sick with disgust to see his father reeling and tottering around because he was so drunk.

I think it was especially fortunate that our missionary happened to stumble across Big Horn as he was lying on the ground watching the dancing.

"Hello, Sonny!" said our missionary cheerfully.

Big Horn looked up at the strange white face curiously. He had never seen a stiff white collar, or a necktie, before, or a hat like the one our missionary wore. But he liked him, *at once,* and it wasn't five minutes before he told this new friend how frightened he was about his drunken father. He even took him over to the tepee where his mother, Laughs-at-the-sky and Smiling Sunset were spending the four days. The tepee was full of women and children, belonging to other families, talking about how rough and dangerous the dance was getting. Big Horn and his new friend squeezed inside, and before anyone knew how it happened our missionary was talking to these excited women,—telling them a story, even. You and I would have recognized it as a Bible story, but it was entirely new to them, since they had never even heard the name Jesus before. But they liked the story, and they liked our mis-

sionary, too, so when he invited them to come to hear more stories the next day, they were glad to promise they would come.

But the next day two terrible things happened. First of all, Bent Arrow gambled away his own horse, and then Big Horn's pony; after which he got so very drunk that when another man began to fight with him Bent Arrow's arm got broken and several of his ribs, too.

You would have been amazed at what happened then! Instead of bathing the wounds, or stopping them from bleeding, or setting the broken bones, one of the Indian medicine-men began to dance all around Bent Arrow, as he lay helpless on the ground. He rattled a big medicine-rattle, he chanted some sing-song words, he drummed on a big drum, while all the other Indians stood around perfectly satisfied that this was the only way to make Bent Arrow well again. But of course it really did no good at all, so after the medicine-man

had gone, our missionary came up and washed the wounds, and even tried to set the broken bones, binding them up tightly, as he thought they ought to grow. He gave him a dose of medicine, too, our kind of medicine, of course.

All that day Bent Arrow lay in his tepee, and heard our missionary telling stories of Jesus to the women and children who listened spell-bound. In every story he especially showed how Jesus was the Light of the World, that the sun which shone on the world every day was only a plaything to the great Lord Jesus who had made it.

By and by, of course, they had to go home to their old tepee, for the Sun Dance was over. Bent Arrow and Big Horn had to ride in the wagon with the rest of the family, because the horse and the pony were gone. Our missionary rode all the way back on his pony with them, trying to make poor Bent Arrow as comfortable as possible.

Then day after day he rode over to their tepee to do what he could for the

broken arm and ribs; and every time he went, the whole family would beg him for another story about Jesus, the Light of the World.

They began to go to our church and Sunday-school, and they learned to sing our hymns and learn the Bible verses that you and I know. But one day Smiling Sunset learned a new verse, which said: "The Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings." She could not understand what it meant, so when she got home she asked her father.

He was standing before the tepee a long time looking at the setting sun, then he said: "Once I worshiped the sun as the giver of life, you were with me when I danced four days in his honor. But every night the sun sets, and I have to walk in darkness until it rises again the next day. But on the Jesus-Road, Jesus is the Sun, He is the Light of the World, He always shines in our hearts, and there is no night any more. He warms us when our hearts

are cold, He calms us when our hearts are frightened, He shows us how to walk—that is how He heals us."

I don't believe anyone could give a more beautiful description of what Jesus meant to him than Bent Arrow gave. It certainly was fine that our missionary met him, don't you think so?

FORTY-SEVENTH STORY

Jesus said: "I am the Light of the World"

HOW THE INDIANS SAY THANK YOU

1. How do they dress in the Indians' Church? Big Horn on one side—on the other Sweet Birch?

Ans. .....

2. Tell two of the stories these new Christians told, showing how Jesus warmed hearts that were cold.

Ans. 1.....

.....

2. .....

.....

FORTY-SEVENTH STORY

"HOW THE INDIANS SAY 'THANK YOU'"

THANKSGIVING Day is *the* day of all the year, when we like to gather in our churches, to remember all the wonderful things we have to thank God for, but I wonder if you ever thought that every November finds some new members in our own churches around the world! These new members are so happy because they know Jesus, that they always feel thankful *every day*. I thought today I would take you on a visit to an Indian church that we built, way out west in a State called Oklahoma.

It is the church to which Smiling Sunset and Big Horn belong, and their mother and father, too, of course. The men sit on one side of the church and the women and children on the other. Big Horn felt he was quite grown-up

enough to sit with his father on the men's side. Probably you never saw such a congregation in your life, for a great many of the women wore bright-colored blankets around their shoulders, and some of the men did, too. One Indian, named Buffalo, had pink yarn braided in his hair, wore a red shirt, a purple handkerchief around his neck, and small silver chains hung from his ears! Several papoose cradles were carried right into church on the mother's back, and the babies behaved rather well, they looked around all they wanted to, and then they just went to sleep.

I thought you would like to know what kind of Christians these Indians made, so here are some of the things they said. One of these Indian members of our church was asked what Jesus had done for him. As an answer, he went out-doors and got some dry leaves, which he laid in a circle. Then he placed a worm in the center and set the leaves on fire. The flames kept

burning up the leaves until they were nearly ready to burn up the worm, then this dear old Indian Christian reached in and lifted the worm out of the fire and said: "That is the way Jesus saved me!"

Then another fine-looking Indian got up and said: "I thought I knew enough, that no one could tell me anything. But then the white brother talked. No one hit me, or hurt me in any way—but tears ran down my face as though someone had struck me. It was the white brother's preaching that made me cry. I walk in the light on the Jesus-Road now!"

Another man stood up and told how his little daughter had led him to love Jesus. Her name was Sweet Birch. This is the way he told the story. "Little papoose got sick. Little papoose very precious. Medicine-man come, he dance, he rattle his rattle, he beat his drum, but little papoose no better. Sweet Birch come home from Sunday-school. Little papoose he lie in my

arms, so white and pale. I say 'Little papoose not live long now.' So Sweet Birch kneel down beside me and say to her Friend Jesus: 'Jesus,' she say with her eyes shut, 'little papoose brother coming to stay with you to-night. Please open the door of heaven softly and let him in. Amen.' Prayer make Jesus very real to me. He has little papoose in heaven now. So I walk on Jesus-Road to heaven. So very happy."

Then another Indian, named White Arm, stood up and said: "The Great God knows White Arm—knows he's bad—send missionary to make him good. Now White Arm know the Great God, because missionary tell him about Jesus. Jesus loves White Arm, and White Arm loves Jesus. Jesus wants White Arm to walk in the Jesus-Road; Jesus-Road a straight road, all straight. White Arm walk straight all the day."

Perhaps I have told you enough of what these splendid Indians feel about Jesus, but I think maybe you will like this last one best of all, because it is

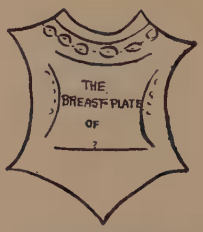
a really-truly letter from a really-truly Indian, out in Oklahoma, sent to thank you and me for his church out there; he says: "How can we keep with Jesus far away here in the mountains if Reformed Church not help us? We are like hungry birds in the nest on the mountain side—we die, if Reformed Church not feed us. We are like sheep way off on the mountains—we cannot find our way to heavenly home if Reformed Church not lead us. Our hearts send you thanks."

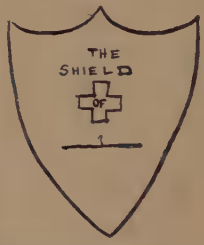
I hope on Thanksgiving Day you will remember to say one little prayer to tell Jesus how thankful you are that our church can do such worth-while things for these wonderful Indians, Indians who are not walking in darkness any longer, but in the Jesus-Road.

FORTY-EIGHTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Prince of Peace"

SOLDIERS OF PEACE





1. Can you tell me the meaning of peace, which surely must come when war shall cease?

Ans. .....

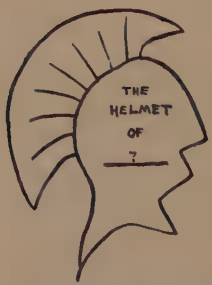
2. Which is the hardest thing to be a Soldier of War, or a mission-ar-y?

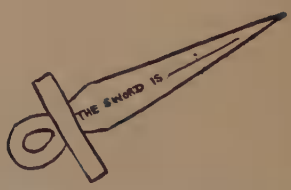
Ans. .....

3. Tell me in words the difference it makes, which kind of soldier a village takes.

Ans. .....

.....





4. In Ephesians VI, from the fourteenth verse on, find names for this armour Christ's soldiers should don.

FORTY-EIGHTH STORY

"THE SOLDIERS OF PEACE"

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years before that first Christmas Day, when Jesus was born, a very wise man was telling what Jesus would be like, and he used these wonderful words: "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light . . . For unto us a child is born . . . and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, *The Prince of Peace.*"

But the words were said so many, many years before Jesus was born, that you might almost think the names would all have been forgotten, wouldn't you? Yet on that silent holy night when a certain little baby was born in a Bethlehem stable, there were shepherds out on the hills watching their flocks,

and suddenly there was a great white light everywhere as Angel voices sang: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth *Peace* among men of good will."

So the little Prince of Peace was born exactly as the wise man had said, many years before. But I wonder if you know what the word Peace means? It means when people can live together quietly and happily, loving each other as well as they love themselves. Jesus came on earth to be the Prince of Peace, to rule over people who should live together quietly and happily, loving each other as well as they loved themselves. Which was just what the angels had sung: "Peace on earth among men of good will."

Jesus knew it was not going to be easy for people to live in peace, unless they really loved Him. For He knew there were people who did not live together quietly and happily, who did not love each other as they loved themselves. He knew there would be men and women, boys and girls, even great na-

tions, too, who would grab what did not belong to them, and then there would be quarreling, fighting and hate. That is what war is, as I am sure you know. So when He sent out His friends to go into all the world and teach the nations about Him, He knew it would be hard work for them, and that they would need to be brave strong men. He knew that Soldiers of War have to be brave men, but that Soldiers of Peace have to be even braver men.

In the Bible one of these friends of Jesus has written a letter to missionaries telling them what to do, this is what he says: "Endure hardness as a good Soldier of Jesus Christ . . . put on the whole armour of God . . . have the Girdle of Truth around your waist; have the Breastplate of Righteousness . . . Let your feet be covered with Shoes of Peace; carry the Shield of Faith, wear the Helmet of Salvation, and use only the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Bible."

I just love one thing about all this,

God gave the Christian soldiers something to cover every part of him, *in front:* to go on his head the Helmet of Saving People, to cover his chest the Breastplate of Doing Right, to cover him all over the Shield of Trusting God, for his feet friendly Shoes of Peace, in his hand the Sword of God's Word; but—God gave this Soldier of Peace nothing at all to cover *his back!* I love it—because it shows that the Prince of Peace never expects any soldier of His to become a coward, or run away. It is never to be *"Right About Face!"* but always: *"Forward March!"*

Ever since the days when Jesus was here among men, His missionaries have remembered that they are soldiers of the Prince of Peace, and have gone into all the world trying to "live pure, speak truth, right the wrong," following their Prince.

Let me tell you something about how brave the missionary soldiers of peace are, and how much harder their work is than the work of soldiers of war.

To begin with, soldiers of war all go out to fight together; they form a big army; the army lives together, and eats together, and sings together, and fights together. Every day their captain gives them orders: "Do this!" and they do it. When they go marching from one place to another, there is a cheerful band to play, so they can keep step, and keep their spirits bright! But you must have already seen from my stories all this year, that missionary soldiers of peace do not go out together in an army; sometimes they do not live with other missionary soldiers, at all; so there is no one to talk things over with; no band to play to cheer them up—no! Scattered here and there over the world they live, hundreds of miles apart from each other. They never hear the captain's real voice saying "Do this!" they simply know that the Prince of Peace expects His soldiers to spread peace and happiness, and love all over the world, and day by day they have to decide all by themselves how best to do it.

The captain of soldiers of war says to his men some morning: "See that village over there—we must take it to-day. Destroy it, men! Don't leave one stone standing!" So they turn their guns and their cannons on it, there are noises of tremendous explosions. Some of the soldiers get killed, but by night the little village is all gone, torn up by cannon balls, ruined by bombs, each little house on fire, each family scattered, some dead, the others miserable, hungry and homeless. Sometimes it takes no more than a day, sometimes it takes days and weeks.

Now let me tell you about the missionary soldier of peace. He, too, sees a village. He knows without being told what His captain wants him to do that day. He, too, says: "We must take it." But he uses no gun, he has no cannon, he throws no bomb. He quietly walks into the dirty shabby little village and begins to talk to the few people he meets. Perhaps what he says makes them angry, so they rush at him with

spears and stones in their hands, determined to kill him. But he never fights back. One such soldier in our very own church, named Mr. Jacob Chamberlain, said: "Before you kill me, just let me tell you a story," and then he tells them about Jesus, His birth, His children, His wonderful life, the Home above which He is making ready for all who love Him. When he finishes the story he says: "Now you may kill me!" but no! they don't want to kill him now, for they like his story, and they say: "Stay in our village, and tell us more about this man."

So he stays a week, a month, a year, two years, and oh, what changes one can begin to see! Where the soldier of war must leave a village with nothing but burning homes, dead people, orphaned children, and misery, the missionary soldier of peace leaves the dirty village cleaned up, the homes neater and prettier, the savage people gentler, happier, more useful. Little children have crowded his school, his

church is full on Sundays, and when he leaves to take his next village, they weave a wreath of flowers to hang around his neck, and they say lovingly: "Oh what would we be if you had not come! We are so happy now, you have given us so much, may God bless you, and bring you back to us!"

Now tell me: whose job was the bravest? The army soldiers, who stood shoulder to shoulder, and destroyed an unknown village with cannons and bombs, from a distance? Or the lonely missionary soldier who walked alone into an unknown village amid dangers, and spent weeks and years making that village a place that the Prince of Peace would be proud to see? [Give class a chance to answer.]

FORTY-NINTH STORY

Jesus is: "The Prince of Peace"

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

1. We always think of Greenland as being very green, but tell me what the Egedes discovered could be seen?

Ans. .....

2. What kind of house did they live in the greasy Greenlanders to win?

Ans. .....

3. *What* wandered in their door one day, but luckily was scared away?

Ans. .....

4. What changes did the gospel make in showing Greenland her mistake?

Ans. .....

FORTY-NINTH STORY

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS"

ALL this year I have been telling you stories of the Soldiers of the Prince of Peace, only I have not called them soldiers, but *missionaries.* I have not told you so very much about their bravery, either, perhaps because I wanted to save it all up for this month, so you can never never forget that missionary soldiers have to be even braver, finer and stronger than soldiers of war,—because, for one thing, they have to fight alone, not in an army; and for another thing, they have to make life beautiful with words and deeds and love instead of spoiling it with swords and guns and hate. It's lots quicker to *spoil* an ugly thing, than it is to make it *beautiful.*

I guess we all love heroes. I know I

do. I love to hear about people who do hard worth-while things that no one else is doing. I have always wanted to be like that, myself, haven't you? I love to pretend all sorts of dream pictures, in which I see myself doing fine brave things, while everybody says: "Oh how wonderful you are!" But do you remember my dream-story about the Little Girl who had Missionary Eyes and Hands, and was a King's Helper *without knowing it at all?* That's the kind of a hero to be—doing things quietly and bravely, without any fuss and feathers, or brass bands, or people watching and saying, "Hurrah."

The world is full of heroes like that. I have told you about them this year, every Sunday. I think all our very own missionaries in China, in India, in Arabia, and in Japan are heroes. And our missionaries right here in America, in cities, and valleys, and plains are heroes, too. But our church is not the only church that has heroes, every church has them, and I only wish I had

more Sundays in the year to tell you, by name, about some of the others.

Sometimes in church we sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From many a palmy plain, They call us to deliver Their land from error's chain." I've told you about India and about Africa, about palms and all sorts of errors, but I haven't told you about *Greenland* yet, which is a very interesting story.

For once over in Norway there was a young minister who had a *book* in his library! Just a quiet little book that sat demurely on his bookshelf and never rustled its leaves, nor clapped its covers. It couldn't, of course, being only a book! But one day the minister took it down and read it, and the book woke him all up! It told about Greenland, what a wicked heathenish place it was, how once some missionaries had gone there, but probably they had been

killed and for hundreds of years nobody knew much more about Greenland. So this young minister named Hans Egede decided it was probably his job to go there. Everybody in Norway thought he was crazy. Even his wife thought so, too, at first. But by and by she read the book, and being a *soldier,* she said she wanted to go, too, now!

So they set sail in the most uncomfortable little boat, and had a cold horrid trip. Then they got to Greenland, and it wasn't *green land* at all! Even in July! There were no trees, no bushes, not even a blade of grass. The people were greasy savages, smeared all over with seal oil, which smelled horribly, they dressed in fur skins, and lived in queer huts like giant bee-hives, with only a door, no windows or chimney. Big families of grandmothers, grandfathers, uncles, aunts and cousins crowded inside, and the pigs and cows lived with them!

The only thing for Mr. and Mrs. Egede to do was to live in one of those

queer Greenland huts themselves, so they could learn the language of the people, and get to know the people, too. They were not at all friendly, those Greenlanders! They couldn't imagine why these strangers should come and live with them, and once when the Egedes almost starved to death for lack of food, it was only at the very last that the savage people gave them some of theirs. It was the hardest kind of a winter—bitter cold in that bee-hive hut. Once a hungry polar bear walked right into the hut, and he really could easily have killed them all, but Mr. Egede got him out by a miracle, before he hurt anybody.

But things never stay bad all the time, you know, and the Greenlanders began to be interested in the things Mr. Egede had to tell them about Jesus. Perhaps they were interested in the drawings Mr. Egede's little son drew to help illustrate his father's sermons! Anyhow, one by one, these wild greasy people began joining the church, and

Mr. Egede and his wife forgot how lonely and dangerous their lives had been, because now they had these few friends. Then more came, then more, until to-day Greenland is a Christian country, and the people who are in the churches are fine people, with nice homes; so I think a thing like Mr. Egede did was worth while, don't you?

FIFTIETH STORY

Jesus is: "The Prince of Peace"

DESERT ISLANDS AND OTHER ISLANDS

1. What kind of things could parrots see in dreadful far away Fiji?

Ans. .....

2. What things did the missionaries do to make the savages over anew?

Ans. .....

3. I wonder if anybody knows who made the Islanders' first clothes?

Ans. .....

4. Tell what they did with the cannibal drums on Sundays when everyone churchward comes?

Ans. .....

FIFTIETH STORY

"DESERT ISLANDS AND OTHER ISLANDS"

HAVEN'T you always loved stories about desert islands, where people got shipwrecked, and where dreadful savages suddenly landed and made life miserable for everybody until the hero did something splendid, so everything could end all right? How we shiver and feel cold creeps up and down our backs! But oh, dear me! It isn't half as nice to *be* the hero, as it is to read about him. I'll tell you to-day.

The oceans are dotted all over with little islands, on the map they look exactly like freckles all over the face of the sea, but when you really get to them, tiny freckles turn out to be pretty big places with lots of people living on them. I suppose there is a thrilling story about every island, with its queer

name—the Friendly Islands, the Society Islands, the Sandwich Islands, Christmas Islands, the Philippine Islands, and all the others. They *sound* so interesting, but once they were all as savage and *un*social, and *un*friendly, and *un*christmassy as anything you can imagine! I don't know just how *Fiji Islands* sound to you, but since they were once exactly like all the others, I want to tell you some of the brave things our hero-missionaries have done to make the islands live up to their nice new names!

To begin with, God has made nothing lovelier to look at than those Fiji Islands, with the turquoise blue of calm seas all around them, and snow-white beaches covered with beautiful pink and blue shells. Majestic palm trees wave in the air, gay red and yellow flowers grow everywhere, bright green parrots fly around.

And in the midst of all this calm sweet beauty lived the most horrible people you ever heard of! They wore no clothes, they lived in miserable filthy

huts, they never spoke the truth, they never were kind, they never were clean. They were cannibals who cruelly went out to fight and actually ate up all their prisoners of war! When a cannibal man died, his wife was choked to death and buried with him. Little children grew up wild, killing each other, stealing, lying, trying to be as cruel as their cruel parents. I just can't begin to tell you the fiendish dreadful things these people in the Fiji Islands did.

Once there was a young printer in England who decided God needed him to do something harder than printing books in a tame printing office, so he offered himself as a missionary and was sent to the Fiji Islands. It took him three months to get there, and the very first thing he saw were the bones of eighty prisoners whom the cannibals had just finished eating, lying on the beautiful sand near the lovely calm sea. All alone, in the midst of such dreadful savages, he buried those bones, and wondered when the cannibals might decide

to eat him, too. I almost hate to tell you these things, but they show so plainly how brave missionaries are, that I think you won't mind hearing, will you?

He did not understand a single word the islanders said to each other, so he would listen, then write down—listen, and then write down—until finally he had enough words so he could begin talking to them. But they did not seem to care a rap about what he said, they kept on eating human beings, killing each other, and lying. He translated the Bible into their language, and because he was a printer, he printed copies of it, but of course no one could read yet, so he started a school.

The King of the island was named Thakombau, and one day Mr. Calvert found that the King's daughter was becoming gentle and loving, and she showed very plainly she was following Jesus. That was a wonderful help to Mr. Calvert, the missionary, because she would beg her father not to let his

subjects do this or that, and it had great influence on the savages. I have already told you how a man's wife was strangled to death, when he died. Well, it made Mr. Calvert sick to see it, so he went to Thakombau, the King of the island, and in true Fiji-fashion, he offered to have one of his own fingers cut off, if only the King would forbid the dreadful custom. Just this offer showed the cannibals what sort of stuff a missionary is made of!

By and by other missionaries came with their wives. It must have been rather dreadful for these nice women from civilized countries to see so many shocking and cruel things done right before their eyes; I suppose their blood ran cold many a time, but they never showed it—they were every bit as good heroes as their husbands! They went right into the miserable huts and talked to the wild cruel mothers, they helped them make their homes nicer, and when they were sick they nursed them, they had schools for the little children, and

sewing meetings for the mothers who wore no clothes!

One glorious Sunday, years later, eighteen hundred persons on that island gave up their heathenism and accepted Jesus. But I think one of the nicest parts of the story is, that all those eighteen hundred persons were no longer *naked* savages, but were *dressed* in neat, decent clothes, every single one of which was cut out and prepared under the direction of the missionary's nice little wife! Eighteen hundred is a great many people, too! When you get home, just try *counting* up to one thousand eight hundred and you'll find it takes a good long while to even count that number.

Finally even the King of the Cannibal Islands became a Christian, and he ordered that what had been the old "death-drums," beaten when the cannibals were about to eat human beings, should be used after that in calling the islanders together to worship Jesus, the Prince of Peace. Then there began to

be happiness in those islands. Of course, everybody isn't a Christian yet, but once when Mr. Calvert returned from a visit to England, he found over 1,300 churches on the Fiji Islands, 10 white missionaries, 65 native ones, 1,000 head teachers, 30,000 church members and 105,000 church attendants.

This just shows what a few brave missionary soldiers of peace can do, doesn't it?

FIFTY-FIRST STORY

Jesus is: "The Prince of Peace"

1.
Who
was the
first Christ-
mas Present?
.....
.....

2. Although everybody
had been expecting a Pres-
ent, what did they think was
the matter with this one?....
.....
.....

3. Who have kept telling about this
first Present?.....
4. Who is going to help them keep on tell-
ing all this year, so next Christmas more
people everywhere will know the story?....
.....

GOD
SO
LOVED
THE
WORLD
THAT
HE
GAVE

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

FIFTY-FIRST STORY

"THE FIRST CHRISTMAS PRESENT"

ONCE upon a time the King of the World gave His people their very first Christmas Present. For years and years they had known that some day He was going to give them such a Present, only they fully expected to find it wrapped in royal purple, lying in a golden cradle, in a marble palace.

So when they came to look at their first Christmas Present, and found It was only wrapped in calico swaddling clothes, and was lying on straw in a stable manger, some of them said: "Why, this can't be the Christmas Present the King of the World promised! Surely such a great all-powerful King would send a rich precious Present, not something as poor and simple as this!" And they actually went away

rather disgusted at having taken all their trouble for nothing.

But a few lonely old shepherds, from out on the hills, saw the Christmas Present, and it seemed all right to them, so they knelt down and worshipped gladly. Later on, some very wise men from a far-away land traveled on camels over miles and miles of desert to see the Present, and they, too, fell down and worshipped; they laid wonderful gifts among the hay and straw, too. But that was nearly all that happened just then. There was some stir—and then a great many quiet years slipped by.

Then at the end of thirty years, this first Christmas Present had had time to grow up. He told a few friends that He really was the Christmas Present everyone had been expecting years before. So they couldn't help but believe Him, because they loved Him, although I expect they wondered and wondered why He seemed so poor—no home of His own where He could lie down to sleep at night, no money to spend on

fine clothes or good things to eat. They saw Him just as contented in poor men's huts as in rich men's palaces. It was certainly strange, especially as quite often in talking to people, here and there, He would say: "I really am the one you are expecting." But most of these people just laughed. They still felt that the King of the World, who had all power and all wealth, could easily have prepared a fine palace full of bowing servants and marvelous feasts for such an important person as this Christmas Present to live in.

Everywhere He went people were divided in what they thought about Him. Some people said: "Well, all I know is, He has been kindness itself to me. Once I was blind, but now I can see, because He touched my eyes, and healed me. A neighbor of mine was lame, and now he can walk. Our children just love Him, and He loves them. They climb all over his knees. He seems absolutely beautiful to us."

But the other people got mad to hear

such praise, and they began to throw stones at Him, hoping to kill Him. Then His friends said: "Isn't there something we can do to make things safer for You?"

"You mustn't worry about Me," He said, "if I wanted to ask Him, the King of the World would send me twelve legions of soldier-angels to kill all these enemies of Mine. But I was not sent into the world to hurt people, but to save them."

That was the way He taught them He was the Prince of Peace. But always when people said: "Are you really the Christmas Present sent from the King of the World?" He would say that He was. So some of His enemies made Him a prisoner, and they gave money to wicked men to lie, saying He had done things He really never had done. So when He was called guilty, they hung Him on a tree, and He died. Then even His dearest friends said: "We had hoped it would be as He said, —that He really was the Christmas

Present! But, of course, He could not have been, for the King of the World would never have let such a precious person die!"

But then came the very first Easter Day, when early in the morning one of His friends met the Prince of Peace walking in a garden; she ran to tell everyone the glorious news: "He has risen! He is not dead—He is alive, I have seen Him!" Over and over they told the glad news to each other, then they had supper with Him, and they no longer doubted that since death could not hurt Him, He was indeed the real Christmas Present the King of the World had promised to them long ago.

One day He said to them: "I am soon going away, and there are two things I want you to do for me: *Go* into all the King's World, and *Teach* everybody about the King's wonderful Christmas Present to them. You will have to travel alone, and it will be dangerous. Men will treat you as they have treated Me. They will kill you, as they killed

Me. They may not always believe you, but I don't want you ever to be discouraged, for I will be with you every single minute of every single day. You won't be able to see me, but I shall understand all the things you do."

So He left them; and ever since that day His friends have been traveling into His world,—here, there, everywhere, telling about the Christmas Present whom the King of the World has sent them. Although their work is not nearly finished, yet on Christmas morning of this week, millions and millions of happy people all around the world will be saying to each other: "Christ is born! Merry Christmas!"

But what would have happened if not a single person had ever told the story of the Christmas Present to anyone else? Suppose no one had been brave enough to dare cross oceans and venture in unknown places? Suppose no one had ever taken the trouble to translate the Bible into a language people could read?

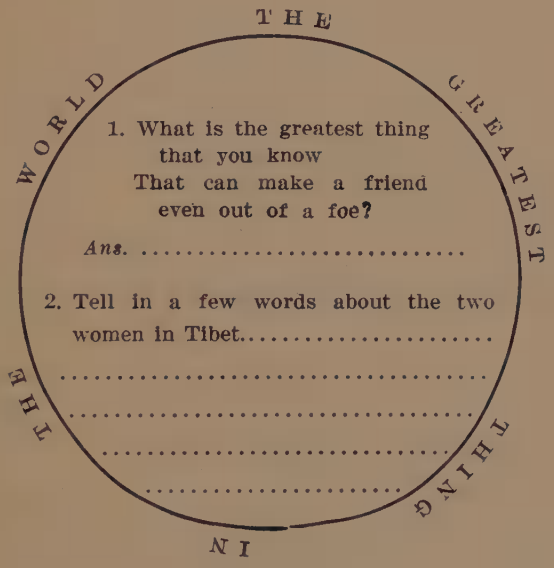
Then you and I could never, *never,* NEVER have had a Christmas Day, because we would never have been able to read about the Christmas Present, in these well-known words: "God so loved the world that He *gave*—His Son."

I just love it, don't you? I just love to know that every single missionary who has ever told anybody about Jesus, has given them a Christmas Day. I love to know that you and I have helped make this Christmas merrier yet, because we have given money to tell some little unknown children in China and Japan and India and here at home about Jesus. We can't *stop* telling, now, can we? We love it too much, we plan for it too far ahead. But there will be millions and millions of homes where the twenty-fifth of December will seem just exactly like the twenty-fourth and the twenty-sixth. We can't have quite such a good time on Christmas Day this year, I think, unless we plan ahead for next year when more,

oh, *ever* so many more, children shall know about Jesus, *because we helped.* We can help do what God did: we can so love the world that we give a Christmas Present, too. Let's do it, shall we?

FIFTY-SECOND STORY

Jesus is: "The Prince of Peace"


THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD
1. What is the greatest thing that you know
That can make a friend even out of a foe?
Ans. .....
2. Tell in a few words about the two women in Tibet.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

FIFTY-SECOND STORY

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD"

HERE is a fairy-story that somebody whispered to me: Once there was a little Bar of Iron. It was so awfully hard that it seemed as if nothing could ever make it soft. The Hammer was perfectly sure he could do it. So bang! bang! he went, but his head flew off at the second knock,—and the Iron was as hard as ever! Then the Saw took a turn. "You just watch me!" he boasted. So he sawed and sawed and he sawed. But he only spoiled his nice sharp teeth, —and the Iron was as hard as ever! Then up spoke a tiny Flame of Fire. "Couldn't I try?" it asked modestly. Then it gently and lovingly put its hot little arms around the stiff Iron Bar, and it really wasn't long before the hard

Iron was so soft you could do whatever you liked with it.

Heathen people all over God's world are just like that. Their hearts are hard and cold, like iron, and their ugly idols and cruel religions only make them harder than ever. But when our missionaries tell them about Jesus, it does beautiful things to their hard frightened hearts. It seems a little strange that something, like love, which you can't really *see,* is so powerful, doesn't it? What battleships, and submarines, and guns, and cannons, and big armies, can't do at all, love can do! Here is a story to prove it.

The very highest mountains in the whole world are found in a country called Tibet. People call it the "roof of the world," because it is so high up among the clouds. The people who live way up there are so wild and fierce they will not let any foreigners at all inside their villages. They kill them in the most cruel way, so almost everybody leaves them alone. Merchants say it is

not worth while to try to sell them anything, and brave soldiers say it is pretty risky business to go into Tibet. But once there were two Somebodies who decided in spite of all the dangers they would get in. These two Somebodies wore skirts, and hat-pins in their hats, but in spite of being women, they were brave soldiers of peace. One of them was a doctor, the other a missionary.

Just *getting to* Tibet was hard enough! up and up they climbed, with gigantic mountains rising before them, and gigantic precipices yawning at their feet. Sometimes they had to cross wild mountain torrents with only a swaying log to walk over on; they spent their nights out under God's stars, in the bitter cold, not knowing what wild animals might attack them. Up and up they climbed, until one day they reached the top of a pass, and saw a shrine to the demon of the mountain. Then up on this "roof of the world" the brave little doctor called out: *"Yesa Misah Ki Gai!"* which means, "Victory for

Jesus!" Don't you love it? Think of it, two lonely women up on top of a mountain, sure that Jesus would win!

They knew they were near a village, so they dressed themselves up as natives and crept in, hoping to find some one willing to teach them the strange Tibetan language. But the villagers soon discovered that they were women dressed up to look like Tibetans, and they drove them out with stones. A fierce cruel Tibetan officer was sent to follow them day and night, watching to see that they did not try to come back, threatening to kill them if they did. Wouldn't you have felt a wee bit discouraged? And just the least mite afraid? Ugh! Followed by a wild-looking creature carrying a great sharp sword?

But one day on a very dangerous trail, he stumbled and fell down a steep precipice. Perhaps you think it was a wonderful chance for the missionaries to run away, but they saw it might possibly be their more wonderful chance

to *stay!* They tied together pieces of rope, leather straps, blankets, petticoats, skirts, coats, anything and everything to make a rope long enough to reach him. Then they tied it around a tree trunk, and let it dangle down that dreadful precipice to the narrow ledge of rock where he had fallen. It was just long enough for him to reach, so he began pulling himself up. But he had hurt one arm so badly that he simply could not use it without turning faint and sick. When he was almost losing hope of reaching the top, he heard a kind voice above him calling: "It isn't so far now! Don't look down, look up! Climb on—just pull a little longer and you'll be there!"

I can't tell you exactly what he must have felt then to know that these two women were actually saving him, when he had been on the point of killing them a hundred times the last few days.

"Pull a little longer!" they called. "Don't give up now, *you're almost up!*" So he pulled, and climbed; and just as

he got up and over the edge he heard one of them cry: "Oh thank God! Thank God! We've saved him!" Then he fainted.

The doctor missionary found that his left arm was broken, so she set it for him and bandaged it into a sling. There were great bleeding gashes on his face, and he woke up to find her gently bathing them, and covering them with soft cotton and a sweet-smelling ointment. I wish I knew what he thought then, don't you? At night he heard them pray just as they had prayed other evenings, only this time, they added: "Help us to do with this man as Thou would'st have us do. Amen."

It is no wonder he softened. He was like the Bar of Iron, wasn't he? He had never known such warmth before, so when they got out little notebooks, he gladly told them all the Tibetan words they wanted to know. They told him about Jesus, and he said: "It sounds good. But can He be as wonderful and brave as you?"

Then they hurried to say: "Oh, we are not brave, at all! You must not judge Him by us! For Jesus is the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely."

"Then I worship Him!" he said, falling on his knees as he said for the first time: *"Jesu Ma'shika,"* which means Jesus Christ.

So love *is* the greatest thing in the world, isn't it? Not a foolish silly thing, but a strong brave hard thing to love as those two lovely women loved Jesus. When the Tibetan officer got back to his village, he told his experience to the fierce warriors, and they could hardly believe it. But the next year, when the two dauntless women climbed up that steep mountain again, they were admitted to the village gladly and allowed to teach about this new God who makes women brave and fearless.

All over the world they are doing it,—these brave soldiers of peace,—fighting such peaceable battles of love and help-

fulness that the victories of the Prince of Peace are greater than anybody can know until that glorious day when we shall see all that wonderful host of black men and white men, brown men and yellow men, kneeling in white, before the throne of Jesus, singing: "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne forever and ever."

And if you should say: "Why who are those in white robes kneeling before the throne? Where do they all come from?" Then an angel would tell you: "These are they who have come from all nations, they had trouble on earth, but they followed Jesus, and now they shall never hunger any more, nor thirst any more, nor have any more pain, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Then you will say to me: "Oh, isn't that perfectly lovely? I'm so glad for them, for I remember how you used to tell us in Sunday-school how unhappy

they often were—sick and afraid of something all the time."

Then won't it be the best part of all, when Jesus says to you and me: "You helped me, too! I thank you!"

221760

Applegarth
Missionary

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CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

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